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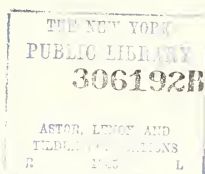
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A Glance Backward

Or Some Events in the Past History of My Life

By GEORGE CLARK






PRESS OF
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PREFACE.

This little memorandum of the main incidents in my life was written exclusively for my children, and not for publication, but kind friends have insisted that it be printed and yielding to their partial solicitations I have had a few copies printed for gratuitous circulation among those who esteem me most highly.

I have written nothing except what I could testify to upon the witness stand from personal knowledge, and nothing from hearsay, with only one or two exceptions, and then it is stated how I derived the information.

It can hardly be of value, except perhaps in a few instances wherein the truth of history may need even partial confirmation. I send it forth to my friends who may receive a copy with my best wishes for a happy life, and will be thoroughly contented whether it is read or otherwise.



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A GLANCE BACKWARD

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD SOUTH.

I cannot refrain at the outset from attempting a faint description of the old South as I knew it in the days of my boyhood. Of course I cannot by any means draw a proper picture for the reader, and will not attempt what I regard as a poor description of what has always seemed to me an ideal country. My view was limited to the immediate section in which I was reared between the Tombigbee and Black Warrior Rivers, which met and intermingled their waters some twenty odd miles south of my immediate locality. The town of Eutaw, in the County of Greene, Alabama, was one of thriving business for one located in the northern edge of this splendid prairie land, and the whole section immediately south formed the fork of Greene County. But what I say of this locality will suffice to sum up the description of all similar sections in the cotton regions of the South.

To my mind as I refer back fifty years or more to my boyhood days and recall in all its grandeur and simplicity this immediate section, I can hardly realize, that in many respects its beauties have passed away, leaving no vestige of what was once its essential glory. The country was filled with magnificent plantations. Its landscapes were beautiful, filled as they were, not only with agricultural development, but with other features of beauty that helped to form its splendor. Every mile or two was a splendid farm house where the planter lived in his country retirement with his family, and around or adjacent were the quarters of the slaves, all of them comfortable with rare exceptions and inhabited with a tenantry whose devotions to their

masters and families were surpassed only by their industry in bringing in bountiful crops.

These mansions of the planters were always filled with pleasant visitors and their hospitality was one of unbounded character. They constituted the princes of the South. While some few marked objections might be urged against their idiosyncracies, as a class they were gentle, had finished educations and their word was their bond. Their treatment of their slaves was of the kindest and most patriarchal character, and one would often see the matron of the establishment, a sweet Southern woman, spending her time in nursing the sick and ministering to their needs in manifold ways. The children of the household were almost always at the quarters and had for their playmates a drove of little negroes following after them on their fishing or hunting trips, cheerfully rendering every aid to their young masters and mistresses. The loyalty and devotion of the slaves to the household of their masters was typical. Very often the women and children were left under the protection of the slaves, and in no instance was their safety jeopardized. This was splendidly demonstrated during the Civil War, when the men of the house were called to arms, no one being left in the house but the very old men, women and children, yet not for a moment was any apprehension indulged. They lay down at night conscious that their protectors would see that their safety was fully assured no matter what occurred. Often I think of this with reverence to the older class of negroes which has disappeared and have always felt for them the kindest feeling. There never has been a greater devotion nor more careful watchfulness of the needs of the household as was displayed by these negroes in the trying days from 1861 to 1865.

It was amid such surroundings that I was born and reared until I had reached manhood and the summons of war called me to the front. I left my home feeling not

the slightest apprehension as to the safety of my people, knowing that they would be as protected as if I were there. So it was when I returned in 1865. Everything was the same as in the days before the war, and the slaves were as obedient and loyal as then. Those times have gone never to return, and many of the old mansions scattered throughout the section have gone into ruins, leaving no vestiges of their former grandeur. The world will never see such a condition between employer and employed as existed then, and the vista of the old South, existing then as it does now only in remembrance, will never come again upon the world in any country as it existed in the South in the days of which I have spoken.

CHAPTER II.

SOME FAMILY HISTORY.

I stated in the previous chapter I was born at Eutaw, Greene County, Alabama, July 18, 1841. My father, James Blair Clark, was born in Bedford County, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and his father was a soldier in the Pennsylvania line in the Revolution. When quite a boy his father moved to Chillicothe, then the capital of the territory of Ohio, where he died. His parents were poor, and upon the death of his father, he went to live with his uncle, Alexander Blair, who took care of him until he was of sufficient age to earn his own livelihood. His advantages were very few, but he managed to educate himself by constant study during his leisure hours. I have often heard him speak of his clerking for a county clerk during the day, and reading law at night, the pine knots furnishing him his only light. He read law, according to my recollection, under Mr. Wickliffe, and as soon as he acquired his license, he moved to the new State of Alabama and settled at the Old Bibb Court House, Bibb County. After a time he returned to Kentucky and married my mother, Mary Erwin, at Mount

Sterling, Kentucky, and then went back to Alabama, the two riding horses from their home to Alabama. Some time afterward the Court House was moved to Centerville and he practiced law at that point for several years. He then moved to Cahava, where he practiced law very successfully for many years, and about 1840 moved with his family to Eutaw, Ala., where I was born the succeeding year. He was a well known lawyer for fifty years and was on the chancery bench for many years prior to the war, where he was distinguished for his labors and legal acumen. He resigned his position in 1863, owing to extreme ill health, but after the war, he opened his law office and continued his practicing until his death in 1873. He died at Blount Springs, Ala., August 17, 1873, and his body is interred in the family burying ground in the old cemetery, by the side of many of his family.

My mother, Mary Erwin, was born at Union, Pendleton County, Virginia, in 1804, and was the daughter of Major John P. Erwin, who was a major under Washington at Yorktown. At an early age her father and family moved across the mountains to Kentucky and located at the old town of Mount Sterling in said State, where soon after his removal he died, leaving a widow and large family. She grew up at this place, and in 1825 was married to my father. She then went with him to Alabama. They were blessed with a large family consisting of seven boys in a straight line, myself being the youngest of the seven, and two lovely girls. Their affairs prospered from the beginning and when the war came they were left in competent circumstances. In addition to many other species of property they owned a plantation and fifty slaves. The war played havoc with them and their family. In the battles around Richmond in 1862 there were four of us there as soldiers in Lee's army. Two were killed, one lost his arm and I myself was shot in the right arm. Just before these battles,

Mary, my oldest sister, had died in Alabama in 1862, not quite a year before my mother's death, and lies buried by the side of my father in the old cemetery at Eutaw.

CHAPTER III.

MY SCHOOL BOY DAYS.

I was never a good student, although I began early in the nominal acquisition of an education. I was just five years old when I determined to go to school. My older brother, Clay, attended a school kept by an old gentleman by the name of Driscoll. He would return home in the evenings and tell me what he had done at school that day, until I was thoroughly convinced that I was wasting a great deal of my valuable time. My mother tried to dissuade me, as did my father, but I was headstrong in the determination and they finally acquiesced, but they took particular pains to inform Prof. Driscoll to treat me with leniency and to let me do pretty much as I pleased, which accordingly was done. I need not say that I had a joyous time playing with the boys and studying very little. The next year, however, the tables were turned on me and I was forced to go to school and was subjected to as many whippings as any boy in the school. Afterwards I went to school to a teacher named E. A. Archibald, who was also quite severe to me. He moved away to Pleasant Ridge, and his brother, A. A. Archibald took his place. I attended school to him for five years, and I believe on an average had as many as three whippings a day, not including those I received at home, for I always received a whipping from my father every time I received one from the teacher. Then I attended school kept by James L. Carey, after which I was sent to school at Burton's Hill, south of Eutaw, to one Theodore Porter, where I was prepared for college.

On October 1, 1857, I entered college at the University of Alabama, located at Tuscaloosa, where I remained until

the opening of the war. I did not make that progress at college that I should have done, owing to the fact that I only studied sufficiently to pass the annual examinations. I enjoyed my life at the University rather more than the ordinary, in that I met boys from all over the State, and apart from this the city was filled with pretty girls to whom I paid undue attention. Of the hundreds of boys who were there during the interval I was there, I find that only a few have survived to this day. In fact I can recall only two or three.

At that time the campus was a lively spot. It was covered with lovely grass of more than a hundred acres with an abundance of live oaks in which the mocking birds on a moonlight night sang the entire night. The buildings were low but substantial, and consisted of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson and Madison, all three stories and in the center of the campus was the rotunda, the upper part of which was equipped with the University library. The lyceum contained all recitation rooms.

The last year I was there, 1860-1861, the college was placed under military discipline and in the latter part of January, 1861, the corps of cadets of which I was a member was transported by river steamers to Mobile, and thence up the Alabama River to the capital at Montgomery, where we remained a week and were entertained royally. We then returned in the same way back to Tuscaloosa and pretended to resume our studies. In April, 1865, the Federals took possession of all of these buildings and burned them. Now the University consists of a different order, I understand. I have not seen it since. I remained at the University until the fall of Ft. Sumpter and this ended my collegiate career, but the Board of Trustees and faculty graduated me the June following. At this time I was in the army of Northern Virginia.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST YEAR IN THE ARMY.

Upon the fall of Ft. Sumpter, which I believe occurred on April 13, 1861, I was pursuing my studies at the University of Alabama when this occurred. At once I sought permission to return home for the purpose of considering my father's advice as to my future course. Permission being granted, I hired a horse and rode horseback to my old home. Finding my father there, I consulted him as to the propriety of leaving college and enlisting in war. I remember the event quite clearly to this day. He was sitting in the sitting room with my mother, and I noticed a painful look on her face as I talked it over. She was averse to my going and so expressed herself candidly, but firmly. My father took his hat and we went down town where we found a meeting in progress at the Court House, looking to the organization of a company and raising funds for equipping it. I enlisted as a private at once in the company and the next day went back to college to complete arrangements for my withdrawal from that institution, which was a day or two afterwards, and thus abandoned my college life permanently. In the course of a few days the company went into camp for the purpose of discipline and drill, but it happened that no officer of the company was sufficiently acquainted with war tactics, and at once I was elected, or rather placed in charge and conducted the drill operations for about two weeks, after which the company elected me third lieutenant. We continued our discipline and drill practices until the 11th of June when orders came for us to report as a company at Lynchburg, Virginia.

We accordingly departed for that place, reaching Lynchburg as I recall now, on the 17th of June, 1861. The trip was eventful to most of the company, as they were young men who had never traveled and most of them had never taken a trip on a railroad. Nothing occurred worthy of

mention on this trip, except that when we reached Atlanta, a man by the name of William H. Hurlbut of New York was placed aboard our train and it was whispered that he had been arrested as a spy. He was a large, intelligent man and I believe was finally released after a few days' detention at Richmond. Another incident occurred which was the stopover at Knoxville, Tenn, where William G. Brownlow, afterwards distinguished as Governor of Tennessee, and Senator in Congress, was confined to his home as a prisoner. I did not see him but some of my boys went to see him and talked to him during our layover at Knoxville.

We arrived at Lynchburg the morning of the 17th and marched out to what was then called the fair grounds about two miles from the heart of the city. Here our regiment was organized and known as the 11th Alabama Infantry. It was composed of companies from Linden, Marengo County; one from Eutaw, Greene County; one from Clinton, Greene County; one from Demopolis, one from Clark County, one from Bibb, one from Tuscaloosa, another from Fayette, and yet another from Perry County. The regiment remained at Lynchburg about ten days and was then ordered up to Richmond from Lynchburg. Arriving there we were placed in camp on the outskirts of Richmond, where we remained for another ten days drilling and performing military duties, and were then ordered to Winchester, Va., to join General Joe Johnson, who was there.

Taking the train at Richmond we moved to Manassas Junction and then took the Manassas Railroad up to Strausburg, which was then the terminus of the road. Disembarking we took the trip to Winchester, which was our first heavy march, a distance of eighteen miles. Footsore and weary we reached the town that night and were encamped on the northwestern border, and the next morning we marched through Winchester for a permanent position north of the town where the brigade was organized.

This brigade consisted of the 9th, 10th, 11th Alabama, the 19th Mississippi and the 38th Virginia regiments, Our first brigade commander was General E. Kirby Smith, afterwards famed as commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was not a striking looking man, and he rode a very indifferent looking old horse, but he was a West Pointer and had seen active service as a captain in Colonel Lee's 2nd Cavalry prior to the war. Here we spent the time in drilling. At the same time General Patterson was moving down from the region of Martinsburg, and every one expected an early battle. Once or twice we were called out and placed in line of battle, owing to a report of the nearness of Patterson's army, but he was no nearer than Bunker Hill, which was fifteen miles distant as I recall it.

We were thus engaged for about a week or more and on the 18th of July, 1861, which by the way was my birthday, orders came to strike tents, pack baggage and prepare for a march with three days' rations. All was confusion but the men went to work with energy and by two o'clock everything was in readiness. We formed a line and started across the Blue Ridge Mountains, evidently to assist Beauregard who was then seriously threatened at Manassas Junction. Reaching the outskirts of Winchester, General, then Major Whiting, who I believe was Inspector-General on General Johnson's staff, rode along on the line of the brigade and read General Johnson's address in a clear voice, telling us that we were on a march to relieve our brethren at Manassas and urging us not to complain during the heavy march that was before us. We marched all the afternoon until in the night about one o'clock when we reached Shenandoah Valley, or river, rather, where we camped in the wheat fields, sleeping on the wheat shocks without blankets, and the next morning by daylight we were aroused and crossed the cold waters of the Shenandoah, which I remember was a very amusing sight. We reached Piedmont Sta-

tion about twelve o'clock that day, where we were ordered into camp preparatory to taking the train for Manassas.

The trains were running regularly, and as Jackson's and Lee's commands were ahead of us they had the priority in taking the trains. Shipments were made constantly all the afternoon, but the next morning when we expected to take the train for Manassas, it was known that there had been a collision down the road and we would have to wait. We remained at Piedmont Station and did not reach Manassas until the morning after the battle. I remember it was raining intensely as we left the station of Manassas for the battle ground.

On our way out during the heavy rain, an ambulance came up meeting us, and it was announced that it contained General E. Kirby Smith, our commander, who had left us and taken command of another brigade, dropping off the train at Gainesville and marching down the pike, striking the enemy's right, but in the engagement General Smith was very severely wounded. The brigade opened ranks and presented arms as he passed. The old fellow raised his head and saluted back, notwithstanding it could be seen that he was suffering intensely.

We went on the battle grounds and camped at Lewis' house, which had been made a field hospital during the engagement of the day before, and was also General Johnson's headquarters. Here we went into camp with no tent, no sustenance, and in fact we had not drawn rations for two days. I regard the time we spent here as the most dismal in my career in the army. We had no blankets or covering and it rained for two or three days. The only sustenance I had was two beef tongues which my negro had picked up on the battle field in a Yankee's haversack. I went up the field of battle as we were camped very near it, and saw many evidences of the awful carnage that had taken place the day before. Most of the dead had been

buried, though there were some corpses lying on the field. I went in the Widow Henry's house and found her lying dead on the bed. Dead horses were scattered over the field and it looked as if they were artillery horses as they were lying in groups. Altogether the scene was so terrible that I shall never forget. We laid in camp in this condition without rations and one afternoon I was informed that Judge Blank was dealing out rations back of the Lewis house, and was not very exact in issuing them. I immediately took two or three boys and went up to the little out-house where the Judge was located and asked for some rations. He told me to make out my requisition, and it may be well conceived that I made out a large list, limited only by the material we had on hand for issuance. I loaded the boys down, taking a large portion myself, and went back to camp, reaching there a little before dark and began to cook and eat. We kept this up the entire night until we finally fell asleep.

After a few days sickness began to attack our camp, and in fact the whole brigade. Remarkable as it may seem, the stout country boys whom it may be supposed could stand all kinds of hardships, were the first to succumb, while the city boys as a rule escaped. Death invaded my camp and took from my company a bright boy named Nathan Greenwood, who was stricken with measles and soon died. I talked with him several times during his illness, impressing him with the fact that he was in no danger and would engage him in laughing conversation, but he would lapse back in depression. Finally I was called to his cot where he was lying and saw that death had him in its grip. Several others died also.

The brigade was then moved back four miles south of Manassas Junction to a point called Bristoe Station, near there. Here we remained in camp for fully two months and during a greater portion of the time most of the men

were sick, the well ones being required to wait on the sick ones. About the middle of September or very early in October we were moved, camping first five miles south of Fairfax Court House and were then sent forward toward Washington near Mason's Hill for picket duty. We were then located at Ravenswood. The lady of the household was connected with the family of General Robert E. Lee. Here we remained on picket service for about a week. Now and then we could hear the roll of the drums of the enemy toward Alexandria, especially at night. Then orders came about dark to move back beyond Fairfax Court House and across Cub Run, where we went into camp. Here we remained until about the first of December. We were then moved forward toward Fairfax on a range of hills to Centerville and camped until after Xmas. We were next ordered back toward Manassas Junction and went into camp for the winter. It was here I was stricken with an aggravated case of yellow jaundice. The doctor prescribed for me for several weeks, giving me untold doses of calomel, which had no effect whatever. Finally they came to me in a body and informed me that I had to go home. I suggested that they had already killed me and that they let me stay. They got my leave of absence and I started out and proceeded to Bristoe Station, accompanied by Colonel Syd Moore, the colonel of my regiment, and Captain George Field. We came to Richmond the next day and put up at the Spottswood Hotel. I lay with very high fever during my stay in Richmond and then we started for Alabama, but owing to the fact that there were no sleepers in those days we were forced to stop and take a rest every night. We were about a week in reaching my part of Alabama and I was almost worn out when I reached there. When my mother saw me she immediately said to one of the negroes, "Go out in the orchard and get me a branch of wild cherry bark." I asked her what she was going to do with that, and

she said that she was going to put it in a bottle of whiskey. I told her that the doctor at Manassas had warned me not to drink whiskey, stating that it would kill me. She informed me that she was the doctor now, and soon had the decanter ready, prescribing regular doses. It soon had a good effect, for although I had eaten nothing for a week, I found that I could not eat enough to satisfy my appetite. In three weeks I was a well boy and started back to my command in Virginia.

Arriving at Richmond we learned that General Joe Johnson had started from Manassas and his army was then behind the Rapidan River in Orange County, Va., while the right wing was at Fredericksburg. Our own brigade had come down from Orange Court House the night before and met them. After getting to the command we started for Weldon, N. C. The Federal army under General McClellan was moving, but it was not known at what point they would strike. They had left Washington on transports and were supposed to be at sea at that time. On reaching Weldon it was ascertained that McClellan was landing at Newport News on the peninsula. We were then taken back to Petersburg, took the train for City Point and then proceeded by boat down the James River to King's Landing. There we disembarked and moved across the peninsula to a little church half way between Williamsburg and Yorktown where we went into camp. Now and then cannon were heard roaring down the river from the Federal steamers and in a day or two we were rushed out and took position at a place called Greene's Farm. Here we remained, at least my company, for nearly a month, doing picket service for a while on the old Warwick River between us and the Yankee's line. Several amusing incidents occurred between us but no especial harm was done. Our boys now and then would swim across the river and get things from the Yankees, and they in turn would get

things from us. All this of course was done while the officers were not watching. There was some heavy fighting on the Warwick River at a point called Dam No. 2, but this fighting did not amount to much in the end except the firing of cannon and heavy musketry.

We were finally brought back to the rear about a mile, our regiment at the end being under the command of General Howell Cobb, of Georgia, being detached from our own brigade. Orders were given for a retreat and evacuation of the lines and at once we started. I shall never forget the first night of the march. The men straggled greatly, and about daylight we reached the suburbs of Williamsburg. The General was sitting on his horse apparently half asleep and trying to encourage his men to close up the ranks. He was a remarkable old man, but not at all fitted for a soldier. After stopping at Williamsburg for two or three hours we continued our march up the peninsula, thus escaping the battle of Williamsburg, as the balance of our brigade was heavily engaged in that action. Colonel Valentine Mott of the 19th Mississippi was killed, and Colonel Lamar, afterwards United States Senator and Justice of the Supreme Court, assumed command. The march up the peninsula was continued without incident, except that it was raining much of the time, which was very trying, but in due time we reached the Chickahominy River and crossed to the south side and went into camp a few miles from Richmond.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

Arriving at Richmond from the peninsula in the early days of May, 1862, our brigade camped in the immediate vicinity of the city, and there remained until the morning of May 31, 1862. On the night of May 30th, one of the heaviest rainfalls occurred that I have ever witnessed. It poured down in torrents all night long, and at daybreak we

were formed in a line to march to the south toward Chickahominy. It seemed that McClellan in following us toward Richmond had sent Keyes corps across the Chickahominy and the heavy rains of the night before had found this corps at or near Seven Pines, a distance of eight or nine miles from Richmond. The purpose of this movement was to cross the river with a large additional force, but as it had risen to such a high point during the night, it was believed impossible to cross it. We marched and countermarched all morning, now taking one road, then reversing our steps and taking the other. Finally about noon the roar of cannon announced the opening of battle and we were marched steadily toward that point. Arriving near the scene of action we halted where Longstreet, our division commander, had his headquarters under a large tree. I remember overhearing a conversation between Longstreet and Wilcox. Longstreet told him that there was no necessity for other troops to be in the action, as all had been accomplished by him that was required. Wilcox replied that he had one commander who had been a soldier and regiment commander in three wars and had never been in a battle and was very anxious to get into action. "Let him go, then," said Longstreet.

The mud was very deep, as the country was almost a swamp. The gallant Colonel had bought an old horse for a war horse and he moved at the head of his regiment without much regard as to whether his men could keep up or not, but the regiment kept up. Finally we got into action. As we formed my company being on the left B, was forced into a ditch around a redoubt. Just then an officer, who I learned was Colonel Gordon of the 6th Alabama, came up and asked me if he might get three companies to go over to the right to dislodge some sharpshooters that were proving annoying. I replied that he would have to see Colonel Moore, who was now on the right, as I could not

do anything without his orders. He went down on the right to where Colonel Moore was, making the same request. The Colonel replied that he could have the whole regiment if he wanted it, but he took only three companies, and in a full run started across the space in a charge to where the Federals were housed. The other seven companies remained under fire, but it was not serious. In going across to the Federals the Colonel was shot and he thought he was mortally wounded, but it was ascertained that the bullet had struck his watch and had not inflicted anything but a bruise. I have since seen the watch and it is a curiosity. It is in the hands of Rittenhouse Moore, mashed into an indescribable shape. The Colonel went on with his three companies and the next shot struck him in the knee. He was then forced to retire and was carried off the field by an ambulance. The companies succeeded in dislodging the Federals just as night came on.

The night was the darkest I believe I ever saw, and in moving forward as we were, one had to hold to the man in front of him. We groped our way forward for about half a mile over dead Federals and wounded ones and finally reached a place where the mud was not so deep. Here we stopped and encamped for the night. I remember after looking around a little we found a sutler's tent. I immediately explored it and found an abundance of eatables, in addition to a basket of champagne. I called my men and we began eating. Instead of sleeping, we spent several hours in attention to our stomachs, now and then using a bottle of wine for this purpose.

The next morning, just at the break of day the enemy came upon us. McClellan had gotten two corps under General Sumner across the Chickahominy and for the time the firing of the musketry was furious. We happened to be on the right of the line, and the enemy did not reach quite up to the place where our regiment was located. We expected

the firing would open on us, but it did not. Finally it ceased and we maneuvered pretty much the entire day continually coming under fire, and at night we drew back to Richmond, our left wing having failed entirely in cutting off the enemy from reaching the scene of battle. I remember in going back to Richmond in the dark, that I stepped into quicksand and sank up to my shoulder. It was fortunate for me that two or three of my boys got hold of me in time to pull me out before I sank any farther.

After reaching Richmond we had not camped but one day when we were ordered out and started out toward Seven Pines. We had no blankets and no overcoats as we were hurried down toward the scene, and had no time to get anything. Just before dark some of my boys volunteered to go down and hunt some overcoats and they came back loaded with the coats that the Southern boys had left. I was given one that had been worn by a six-footer, but it was a magnificent covering for me as it rained all night long.

The next morning we were returned to our camp in the suburbs of the city and there remained for several days after which we marched to Darbytown and there went into camp. Here we remained until the battles around Richmond opened on June 26, 1862. In the afternoon of the 25th, General Wilcox called the officers of the brigade together and announced that the attack would open on McClellan the next day. He informed us that Stonewall Jackson with his troops from the valley were now marching from the Orange Court House, and it was expected about noon on the 26th of June he would reach the left of our line, but would be across the Chickahominy, that as soon as they came up, A. P. Hill's division would move across the bridge at Meadows Bridge. The brigade was ordered to cook and prepare three days' rations and an abundance of ammunition was distributed. The next morning at sun-

rise, June 26, 1862, we began to march toward the Mechanicsville pike, a distance of several miles from where we were camped, and there waited the events of the day. Everything passed quietly and it was late in the afternoon when the sound of cannon thundering across the Chickahominy admonished us that the battle had opened. It seems that A. P. Hill had become tired of awaiting the arrival of Jackson and had carried his division across the Chickahominy River, and had begun driving the enemy down. The battle seemed to be furious, judging from the cannonading which was distant not more than two or three miles. As night came on the roar of the battle became more furious and we could hear the yells of the men as they charged the enemy under the furious musketry fire.

While this was going on a shout arose down around the Chickahominy, which was caught up by the men because they had just heard that President Davis, who had been in front, was returning to his home in Richmond. He dashed by us at full speed with his hat in his hands and the shouts of the soldiers rent the air. Shortly after this we were formed in a line and crossed the river on the Mechanicsville bridge. On reaching the other side the brigade lay down to sleep for the night. On the next morning a rapid cannonade opened upon us. The cannon shots plowed up the turnpike, and in the midst of it, down walked General Longstreet. He was on foot with his sword across the back of his neck, notwithstanding the cannon balls were flying all around him, and stopped to talk with us. He seemed as passive as if he were in his own home.

We then started forward down the Chickahominy River. As we proceeded a mile or two we discovered that the enemy had retired and I was informed that they were in line of battle at Gaines Mill. We continued forward until we reached the house at Gaines Mill and the enemy opened fire upon us. Fighting was going on at the left, but rather

of a desultory character and the action had not become general. We lay there until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were moved forward to the attack, going through some small valleys for cover until we finally formed a line at the foot of the hill. My company was on the left of the regiment, and immediately on my left was the 10th Alabama, commanded by Colonel Woodward. He was from Talledega County, and was distinguished in Alabama as a lawyer and judge. I was talking with him when a courier dashed up and gave him the order to move forward and keep up with the line of the 11th Alabama. The Colonel replied, "The 11th Alabama had better look out or we will get ahead of them." I have often been under fire, but never under such as was opened upon us at this time. Opposite us going up the hillside, were three lines of battle of the enemy, and on top there were twelve Napoleon guns, and across the Chickahominy the enemy had heavy artillery that enfiladed our line as we moved forward. As we went forward rapidly, Colonel Woodward was killed, and reaching a low wash at the foot of the hills, I was struck in the arm and the blood flowed freely, looking as if an artery had been severed. I at once retired and went back to the field hospital at Gaines Palm, and the route back was filled with wounded soldiers. The ambulance was in service carrying those who could not walk. When I reached the hospital my eyes never beheld such a spectacle. There were thousands apparently wounded, and of all the groans, cries, curses and prayers that went from them! Surgeons were busy operating on them, taking off arms and legs.

My own surgeon glanced at my arm and told me as my wound was not serious I would have to wait. I was sitting on an old log awaiting my turn when a Catholic priest came up and told me he would dress my arm if I would permit him, as he had had a great deal of experience in the Italian army in the war between France and Austria. He ripped

the sleeve of my coat, and took it off of me and most carefully washed and dressed the wound, telling me I would not need any attention during the night. To my surprise after thanking him for the kindness, he felt around in his pocket and pulling out a bottle of brandy, he told me that the doctor would allow me to take a drink for the first twenty-four hours after being wounded.

I need not say that I availed myself of this. My negro boy and I went down by a large tree, no one being around. He made me a pallet, and he and I began the task of drinking up that bottle of brandy. Just about this time my brother Pickens came to where we were and I found that he was badly shot in the left arm. He suffered intensely that night, and the next morning we started on foot to go to Richmond to the hospital.

When we got about half way to the city, he was unable to walk any farther. We secured an old vehicle and induced the driver to take him to the 1st Alabama hospital. On reaching the hospital, the chief surgeon informed us that he would have to have his arm taken off. I protested against such a course, but he was very firm in his decision. Finally I gave my consent and the operation was performed.

I also found that my brother, Captain James D. Clark, of the 13th Alabama, was lying mortally wounded at this same hospital. There was no possible hope for his recovery and he was fully aware of his condition. Rev. James Pickens Smith, an old schoolmate of his, nursed him. Dr. Smith many years since filled the pulpit at Dallas and died there. I took board across the street from the 1st Alabama hospital, and had to take to my bed. This was on Saturday, June 28th. On June 30th in a heavy engagement at Frazier's farm, just below Richmond, my brother Clay was killed, but as we were sick no especial attention could be given him and he was buried on the field. On July 1st, my brother James died at the hospital and a day or two later

my father arrived from Alabama. He was very anxious to recover the body of my brother Clay to take it home, and he finally got our servants and some of the boys and a wagon and went down into the Chickahominy swamp where they were at work for several days.

In company with Dr. C. P. Saunders of Pleasant Ridge, Alabama, he was finally successful and brought the body to Richmond and had it properly encased, as was done also for the body of my brother James. The task was too much for him and he collapsed. I thought he would die for two weeks but at the end of that time we started home to Alabama with the bodies and after a difficult journey reached home, where the bodies were interred in the old cemetery.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO ALABAMA.

I remained at home about a month and then went back to Richmond, although my arm was not entirely well. On reaching Richmond about August 20, 1862, I could ascertain nothing as to the whereabouts of my regiment, or rather Lee's army. I could only learn that he had passed to the left of General Pope's army and moved in the direction of Centerville and Fairfax Court House. I remained in Richmond until after the 30th of August, and then started up the Virginia Central road in quest of the army.

On reaching the Rapidan River, which was the terminus of railroad activities, I found a large crowd of soldiers, and was told that we had to move on to Culpepper Court House. This we did, and the next morning we were informed that we would have to cross the mountains to Winchester, Va. We walked, and now and then rode in wagons until we reached Winchester two or three days afterwards, but could find out nothing more than we already knew. Some one told me in Winchester that the army was in Maryland and in company with one or two other gentlemen, we hired a

little wagon and after reaching Martinsburg we ascertained that it was best to go to Shepherdstown on the Potomac. Arriving there I spent the night in a nice home and the next morning was aroused by the thunder of cannon across the Potomac River, about three or four miles distant. I went across the river, but could find out nothing except that the battle was raging fiercely, and I could not locate my regiment or brigade. Towards night some one informed me where my regiment was and I went forward and found it.

We remained in line of battle all the next day, I being in front in command of the skirmish line. Some amusing things occurred not necessary to be mentioned here, but the boys had their fun under skirmish fire. At night we were withdrawn back to the regiment and I was informed that a retreat had been ordered across the Potomac. My negro, who was very faithful to me, was back of the line of battle, just where I did not know. I obtained permission from the commander of the regiment, Captain Saunders, to go back and find him, which I did after considerable search. Together we marched back to the Potomac, but on reaching the ford, found that it was blockaded by an immense number of wagons that did not seem disposed to move. I was sitting on the bank awaiting an opportunity to get across, when up rode old Stonewall Jackson. He evidently became impatient at the delay, jumped his horse in the river, and in a few minutes there was a quick movement on the part of the wagons and the ford was soon clear.

I was several days in finding my regiment, as no one knew where any other command was save their own. I at last found it, and after remaining at Martinsburg a week or near there, we came up the valley to a point about six miles north of Winchester, where the army encamped for a month. Then we marched across the mountains to Culpepper Court House, Va., and here the army was paid off, with the exception of Jackson's corps, which was left in the

valley. The thunder of cannon along the Rappahannock admonished us that some movement was in progress on the part of the enemy, and we were ordered at once by rapid march to Fredericksburg, Va. Just at this juncture McCellan was moved from the command, and General Burnside was placed in command in his place. We reached Fredericksburg in a couple of days and were placed opposite Falmouth on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, and here we remained for nearly two weeks, when the battle of Fredericksburg opened and engaged our attention.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Along about the 10th or 11th of December, the enemy crossed the Rappahannock River and began to move. A grand division consisting of two or more corps under General W. B. Franklin of the Federal forces was thrown across the Rappahannock about four miles south of the town. The main army began to make its crossing at the town of Fredericksburg, but was resisted by our troops along the banks of the river in the town, consisting of Barksdale Mississippi brigade. All day long the strife went on in a small way, but before the break of day that morning the enemy opened on the city and a number of cannon began the cannonading. With my command I was on duty some distance above the town about a mile out and the town had been emptying itself all night of its inhabitants. I remember a number of women and children came along. The night was intensely cold and the ground was frozen. The children and some of the women were crying. Some of them had on very scanty clothing, and our boys took off their overcoats and gave them to the women and children. At daylight again the cannonading opened and lasted the whole day. I thought it was destructive down toward the town, but I have since met friends who were children at

Fredericksburg, and remained under fire the entire day. Henry C. Scott, who died a few years ago at St. Louis, who had charge of the Waco Gas Company and street railway system, was one of these and he was at the time only two years old. His brother was born during the bombardment, and is known even today as Bombshell Scott.

There was no battle that day, the 12th of December, 1862, as I remember the date, but on the morning of the 13th, the action up and down the river opened all day long. The enemy made several attempts to capture Marye's Hill, at the foot of which was stationed a brigade or two. Assaults were made, but all were easily repulsed and with deadly effect. This was kept up until nearly sundown. I was in charge of the skirmish line on the canal and my headquarters were at the tomb, or proposed monument of the mother of General Washington, which was then about half way completed. Many shots struck this big rock pile and I could see in a general way the different assaults down at Marye's Hill, though not very clearly.

I remember the enemy had a cannon up about Falmouth, the like of which I never encountered again during the war. With an ordinary cannon we could see the puffs of smoke and get to cover before the shot or shell reached us, but with this one the shots seemed to have come instantaneously. I have since inquired of officers of the Federal army as to what kind of a gun it was, but have never had a satisfactory answer. While this engagement at Fredericksburg was going on, Franklin moved vigorously against Stonewall Jackson's corps stationed at Hamilton's Crossing, and extended up toward our line at Fredericksburg. The musketry and the cannonading at this time was very furious, but did not last long as the assaults on Marye's Hill. Finally dark came on and all was quiet, and the next day, according to my recollection not a shot was fired. During the night

of the 14th of December the enemy retired across the river and the battle was ended.

I went down with some of my men to see the battle field and the sight was awful. The Federal dead were lying in heaps in front of Marye's Hill, clear down toward the city. The wreckage in the town was not so great as I had anticipated and I remember something that was pointed out to me as Mrs. Washington's home as still standing, although it had been struck by some of the shells. Our loss was comparatively slight, but that of the enemy was extremely heavy.

We then went into winter quarters up the river near Bank's Ford. The day after we went into quarters, I was sent up the river in command of pickets, and upon reaching there, or shortly afterwards, some of the men came up to me and told me that the Federal commander across the river wanted to talk to me. I went down the bank of the river and he shouted across that he saw no necessity for picket firing and would like to make arrangements with me, that if any movement was contemplated by his force he would notify us in time to get to cover, if I would agree to do the same. I promptly agreed to this, and the winter passed pleasantly as was possible under the circumstances. Our boys made boats that could sail directly up and across the river, and give the Federals directions how to set the boat to come back to us. On one occasion one of my men was captured and taken into custody as prisoner, but the next day he was released and brought back to us by way of Fredericksburg. The winter passed without incident.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

After the victory of Fredericksburg and the overwhelming defeat of Burnside in December, 1862, the Army of

Northern Virginia rested from its arduous labors upon the Rappahannock and there spent the winter. The second corps, commanded by Jackson, took post below Fredericksburg along the south side of the river and extending for more than thirty miles, while the first corps, commanded by Longstreet, took post near Hamilton crossing up the river and extending beyond the vicinity of Bank's Ford. The winter was spent quietly enough except a cavalry engagement up near Germania Ford early in March, 1863, in which the gallant Pelham gave his splendid young life to the cause, and Longstreet took two of his divisions, Hood's and Pettit's and went on a foraging expedition down the James River to Suffolk, where he was with both divisions when the Chancellorsville campaign opened and concluded.

In the latter days of April, 1863, the enemy under Hooker began its movement up the Rappahannock River and crossed at Germania and other points with an immense force, reported at the time to be 119,000 infantry, and after crossing, swept down the right bank of the river to Chancellorsville, and there concentrated, that point being on the old plank road leading from Orange Court House to Fredericksburg and about eight miles north of the last named place.

When this movement of the enemy took place, General Lee was resting quietly in his winter encampment, the army being composed of Jackson's corps, consisting of four divisions, and McLaw's and Anderson's divisions of Longstreet's first corps, with the artillery somewhat scattered for winter subsistence, and a brigade or two of cavalry, the remainder of that branch of the service being engaged with Stoneman's raiders in their raid to the rear. But the army had enjoyed a quiet winter's rest, the ranks had been somewhat renewed, and the men with perfect confidence in their gallant commander, were ready for action, regardless of disparity of forces.

Early in May, the Army of Northern Virginia broke camp and began its movements against the enemy, then concentrated at and near Chancellorsville. Wilcox's Alabama brigade moved out from its camp near Bank's Ford toward the plank road as Jackson's corps were passing up toward Chancellorsville and just as glorious old Stonewall Jackson and staff came riding by. The loud and continuous cheers that greeted him as he rode rapidly up the plank road manifested the love and admiration of the army for him, and this was not confined to his own splendid troops, but pervaded all hearts. Moving forward with quickened pace the brigade was filed off to the right and formed the line of battle. Evidently we were on the extreme right of our line, only a squadron of cavalry being between us and the river. After waiting a time, the ranks were formed and the brigade moved through the woods and brush, and so continued until nearly dark, when the advance was halted and no enemy encountered. Then our steps were retraced until we again reached the pike and moved forward to Chancellorsville, but we were suddenly halted again and received orders to return to Bank's Ford, reaching there about twelve o'clock that night.

Here we remained all night and the next day puzzling our brains as to what was meant by isolating us from the rest of the army that we knew had been concentrated at or near Chancellorsville, some six or eight miles distant with no enemy near us that we could discover. Late in the afternoon, however, we could hear the cannon roaring at Chancellorsville, and realized that a serious engagement was going on there and toward dusk with glasses we could see a long line of Federal troops across the river moving northward toward the vicinity opposite Chancellorsville, and assumed that the enemy was hurrying re-enforcements toward that quarter. The cannonade up toward Chancellorsville continued some time after dark, but the brigade spent the

night again at Bank's Ford, sleeping quietly and apparently enjoying its ease. But as was soon demonstrated, this was only the calm before the storm.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning the ranks were formed and hurried down the river to the heights above Fredericksburg near the Taylor house and placed in the rifle pits used during the battle the December previous. Our position overlooked the Rappahannock Valley, and just across the canal, lying behind the embankment was a long line of Federal troops, their bodies concealed from view, but each regiment with its flag unfurled and waving defiantly. They were rather too far for musketry fire, and we had no cannon to open on them. Suddenly down on the right, about Marye's Hill, there came a furious cannon and musketry fire. In a few minutes orders came to right face and move rapidly in that direction. As soon as we reached Stansbury Hill, just above Marye's Hill some little distance, the whole face of the earth seemed to be covered with Federals. Forming into line quickly, skirmishers were thrown forward, and soon the rattle of musketry began. Our skirmishers were on the incline of a hill, and by a brisk fire succeeded in halting the masses in front of them for a while. Soon heavy battalions appeared on their flanks, which forced a retreat, leaving many of their number wounded on the field. It was ascertained that Sedgwick's sixth corps, and Brook's light division constituted the force in front, the command numbering more than 20,000 men, and that they had assaulted our lines at Marye's Hill and captured it with some artillery on the heights, and that Early's division stationed there and below had retreated toward Hamilton's Crossing, leaving only Wilcox's Alabama brigade, two guns and a small squad of cavalrymen between the heavy forces of Sedgwick and Lee's rear at Chancellorsville. Evidently Sedgwick saw his opportunity and was determined to press forward rapidly with his forces to attack Lee's rear at Chancellorsville,

not being aware perhaps at the time that Lee had already driven Hooker from his works at that point, and had forced him into new works behind Chancellorsville and a mile nearer the river.

Sedgwick moved forward steadily and rapidly toward Chancellorsville, opposed only by Wilcox's brigade of less than 2,000 men. The brigade would form line every few hundred yards and await the advance of Sedgwick's overwhelming force, fight for a short while and then retire rapidly to escape capture, and then form and fight again. These maneuvers were repeated often and necessarily forced Sedgwick to move slowly and cautiously, and thus the day was passed up to about three o'clock, when the brigade reached Salem Church, directly on the plank road and distant about three miles from Fredericksburg. Here preparations were made promptly for battle. Information of the battle had reached Lee, and after driving Hooker out of his works at Chancellorsville, he promptly dispatched two brigades to our assistance, who met us at Salem Church. The brigades formed for battle in the following order: The 14th Alabama (Col. Lucius Pinkard), on the left; the 11th Alabama (Col. J. C. C. Sanders), extending to the plank road; the 10th Alabama (Col. William H. Forney), on the right of the road; the 8th Alabama (Col. Y. L. Royson), and the 9th Alabama (Col. J. H. King), on the right. One of the brigades that came down to our assistance took position on our right, and I was told it was Mahone's brigade of Virginia. The other brigade formed on our left and I was likewise told that it was Semme's Georgia brigade.

By the time this formation was completed, Sedgwick's troops advanced to the assault. Our line facing toward Fredericksburg on the left of the road, was behind a brush cedar fence which extended toward the river; but according to present recollections, the force on the right of the road stood open. Sedgwick had evidently massed his force for

an assault on the plank road, and his men came up to the work in fine order. Not a sound was heard except the tramp, tramp of his heavy masses until his front lines came within a short distance, when a sheet of flame came from our lines, mowing down hundreds and the brigade leaped forward to the charge apparently without orders and the chase began. Down through the brush and thicket the brigade rushed, encountering a second line of the enemy, which gave way precipitately and on and on went the boys until the entire force of his enemies was driven beyond the little red house which stood farther on toward the city. Here we halted with a view to re-forming the lines, and the enemy perceiving that only a brigade was chasing them, formed and turned, massing many pieces of artillery upon us, but the brigade held its ground until about sundown, when it returned to its original position at the church, having lost in the fight many valuable officers and men. Suffice it to say that the Confederates retained possession of the field with a number of prisoners; and having blocked Sedgwick's pathway and cut off all succor for Hooker, the enemy next day retreated across the river and the campaign was practically ended.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CAMPAIGN OF GETTYSBURG.

After Chancellorsville and the death of Stonewall Jackson, the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps instead of two as formerly, and Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill were designated as commanders in the order named. The Alabama brigade under Brigadier General Cadmus M. Wilcox was taken from Longstreet's first corps and assigned to the third corps commanded by A. P. Hill as the senior brigade of that corps.

Early in June, 1863, the movement began by detaching the two corps of Longstreet's and Ewell's and moving them

toward Culpepper Court House and beyond, leaving the third corps at and near Fredericksburg. Immediately after the departure of these two corps from the vicinity of Fredericksburg and Gordonsville, the enemy crossed a force over the Rappahannock River and took position near Hamilton Crossing below the city, evidently for the purpose of observation. Hill's corps remained in position for several days or a week, and then took up the line of march from Culpepper Court House, moving by regular stages, and arrived there just as General Lee and his staff moved out to cross the mountains. The march was resumed the next day in the same direction. The mountains were crossed at Chester Gap and thence north down the valley, through Front Royal and on to Shepherdstown, where the Potomac was forded at the same point (about opposite Sharpsburg), which the army had crossed in its retreat from Sharpsburg the previous year. Passing through Hagerstown and other places the division reached Chambersburg and Pennsylvania in a few days, and marched through that place with General Lee and his staff and took post at a small village several miles from Chambersburg called Fayetteville, where a halt was called for two or three days. There were many incidents connected with the march from Fredericksburg both amusing and interesting, memories of which are retained to this day, but space forbids of their recounting here. Suffice it to say that the brigade as well as the rest of the army was in the best of spirits and ready and more than willing to measure the results with the enemy.

On the morning of July 1 the brigade took up its line of march with the division, and about noon reached the little village of Fairfield, just east of the mountains and halted. Heavy firing was going on some distance east of the pike, and it was soon ascertained that an engagement with the enemy was taking place at or near Gettysburg. The march was resumed at once and upon reaching General Lee's head-

quarters late in the afternoon, the cessation of firing indicated that the engagement was over. The 11th Alabama was soon detached and accompanied by pieces of artillery, took position on the right, and after throwing out a strong picket force, rested for the night without disturbance.

About sunrise the next morning, July 2, the brigade formed line and moved to the left, and reaching the proper point fronted and began to move forward in line of battle to the position assigned us. The 11th Alabama occupied the left of the line, and after moving a short distance entered a valley and an open wheat field, and when about half way cross the field, were fired into by a brigade of Federal sharpshooters in the woods and rear, which produced some confusion and a retreat back to the fence so as to escape the fire from the rear. But just at this time the 10th Alabama came up on our right and immediately opposite the Federals in the woods, and after a brisk musketry drove the enemy back and uncovered the right flank of the 11th Alabama, thus enabling the brigade to move forward in line and take position which was done at another fence across the field.

Here we remained almost the entire day and until four p. m. The sun was fiercely hot and there was no shade or other protection for the men. Here they sweated, sweltered and swore, when the engagement began on the right about four o'clock. Our brigade commander during the morning took occasion to explain to the officers the general plan of the attack in so far as our immediate front was concerned, stating that the movement would be by echelon, beginning with the right of Longstreet's corps and extending to the left as each brigade came into action, and that owing to our situation, the Alabama brigade at the proper time would move by the left flank rapidly, so as to give Barksdale's Mississippi brigade, which would be in our rear, or rather on our immediate right, room to move forward in proper line. Thus matters stood until about four o'clock when

the thunder of cannon came up on the right and announced the beginning of action. As Longstreet's brigades came into action, the roar of the cannon was accompanied by the rattle of musketry, mingled with the yell of our boys as they moved forward on the run, and the scene was grand and terrific. As the fire and clamor reached the Alabama brigade, Barksdale threw forward his Mississippians in an unbroken line in the most magnificent charge I ever witnessed during the war, and led by the gallant Barksdale, who seemed to be fifty yards in front of his boys. The scene was grand beyond description.

The order was then given our boys to move rapidly by the left flank, and the movement was made at full speed until space was cleared sufficient for the Mississippians, and then with right face the brigade moved forward to the assault. Amid showers of grape and cannister and dense musketry, the first line of enemy gave way precipitately, and then the reserve and supporting line of the enemy was struck and in turn broke, leaving in our hands several batteries of artillery and many of the killed and wounded. But no stop was made even for re-formation. On swept the line swiftly joined by Perry's brigade from Florida, and Wright's Georgia brigade, across the Seminary Ridge and Pike, and down the gradual slope toward the heights occupied by another line of the enemy, a distance of at least a third of a mile.

By the time the small brushy drain at the foot of the enemy's position was reached, the brigades of Barksdale, Wilcox, Wright and Perry were in marked confusion, mixed up indiscriminately, officers apart from their men, men apart from their officers, but all pushing forward notwithstanding. Upon striking the third line of the enemy on Cemetery Ridge, and while some of the officers were using their utmost endeavor to get the men in order, couriers were hurried back to the division commander to send quickly for-

ward the two brigades held in reserve belonging to Anderson's division, and the battle went on furiously while awaiting their arrival. The enemy began concentrating their heavy masses in our front and on both flanks, but still our ground was held awaiting re-enforcements for another assault. The air was thick with missiles of every character, the roar of the artillery practically drowning the shrill hiss of the Minnies. In spite of every obstacle and confusion the practically disorganized mass of Confederates pressed on up the incline, only to be forced again to drop back, until at last, becoming nearly surrounded and no re-enforcements coming to their aid, the retreat was sounded and the Confederates withdrew, many being captured and the others being subjected for a distance to a destructive fire from the enemy. So ended the second day's fight on the part of the line. The Alabama brigade lost about one-half its strength in the casualties and captures, and retired practically to its original position of the previous morning where it spent the night.

At an early hour on the morning of July 3, the brigade was formed and moved somewhat in the rear of Seminary Ridge. The artillery was beginning to form on our front along the Emmetsburg pike, and the brigade was halted in the rear of the artillery beginning to form and told this would be its position during the bombardment which was to take place during the day. The men began to make themselves comfortable as practicable, when the brigade commander, unaccompanied by his staff, went forward on foot to the crest of the ridge and was seen to be surveying the enemy's position opposite on Cemetery Ridge through his field glass. After a short while he returned, and forming the brigade in line he moved forward until it reached a space of about forty yards behind the artillery which was being planted near the crest. There were ominous shakings of the heads among the boys as to the wisdom of the move,

and expressions were heard on all sides to the effect that Old Billy Fixin (the Brigadier's nickname), was not satisfied with having lost half his brigade the day before, but was determined to sacrifice the "whole caboodle" today. The wisdom of the charge was demonstrated by the bombardment. Immediately upon our advance, Pickett's division came up and occupied our original position, with his left brigade, the other two brigades of his division extending farther to the right.

After hours of waiting the bombardment opened with a fury beyond description. The earth seemed to rise up under the concussion, the air was filled with missiles, and the noise of all was so furious and overwhelming as well as continuous that one had to scream to his neighbor beside him to be heard. The constant roar of nearly four hundred cannon on both sides, with the explosion of shells and the frequent bursting of a caisson wagon was terrific beyond description. Men could be seen, especially among the artillery, bleeding at both ears from the effect of concussion and the wreck of the world seemed to be upon us.

After an hour or so Pickett's men were ordered up and began their forward movement to storm the enemy's position on Cemetery Ridge. His division had suffered considerably during the bombardment, especially the brigade which occupied the position of Wilcox in the rear, but the men moved forward in fine order, and passing to the right of our brigade mounted the crest of the ridge and started the gradual incline toward the enemy's lines of intrenchments with quick pace and steady step. Just as they passed our right flank orders were given to our brigade to move rapidly by the right flank, which was promptly done, and then the brigade faced and moved forward rapidly to the right of Pickett. Just previous to our reaching Pickett's right, his division seemed to take somewhat of a left oblique and soon

disappeared from my view, and I have its brave deeds only from history.

The Alabama brigade proceeded to charge Meade's army alone. What such an absurd movement meant was never known to the officers then, nor has it ever been satisfactorily explained since. It was rumored afterwards that orders had been issued to stop our movements, but were not delivered. The whole affair is involved in mystery even until today. Be that as it may, the brigade moved forward rapidly, but one could hear frequent expressions from the men to the effect, "What in the devil does this mean?" For a few minutes practically no loss occurred in our forward movement, but the Federal artillery soon got the range and a storm of shot and shell was poured in upon us. Shrapnel shot would burst in front of us and great gaps be made in our ranks, but the ranks would close and the line move forward.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

At last we came into range of grape and cannister and a shower of such missiles seemed to burst from a hundred cannon on our little line of about eight hundred, rank and file, and plow their deadly paths through our ranks. We finally reached a scrubby-timbered drain just under the enemy's position and were passing through it rapidly as possible, when further participation as far as I was concerned, altogether ceased. A grape shot struck me down, and the struggle was ended for my part. The retreat was ordered, and I was left alone to contemplate the horrors of war and the reckless and criminal folly of a military order which was subsequently repudiated by every officer from third lieutenant to the commanding general.

What happened to me subsequently can be of little interest to any living man. Suffice it to say that I escaped

capture and imprisonment by the gallant conduct of four or five of my boys, who, when the brigade was formed, ascertained my absence and gallantly came back and picked me up on a litter and carried me off the field. These four men are all dead now, but the memory of the good deed will abide with me so long as I am capable of tender and grateful recollection.

On a mound on Cemetery Ridge there has been erected a monument marked, "The High Water Mark of the Confederacy." It was designed to mark the farthest point that was reached by the Confederates and glancing at the inscription one can read thereon, "Wilcox's Alabama Brigade. Esto Perpetua."

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO VIRGINIA AND MOVEMENTS FOLLOWING.

On the morning of July 4, 1863, General Lee began to move his wounded back to Williamsport, Maryland. I do not know how far Williamsport is from the field of Gettysburg, but it required us nearly two days to reach the Potomac. The line of wagons and ambulances must have been some twenty odd miles long, at least. General Imboden and his cavalry constituted the guards. We began movement about eleven o'clock in the morning of the fourth and continued without stop until Williamsport was reached. I was in a wagon fitted up as a kind of ambulance and my companions were Colonel John C. Saunders and Major R. J. Fletcher. We went back to Fairfield and then turned to the left and south, though over what roads we passed, or what towns we went through I do not know. I only know that all the night our steps were dogged by Kilpatrick's Federal cavalry which would frequently cross ahead of us, dash into our lines and cut down some ambulances and escape.

It was a hard night, raining heavily most of the time. At last the procession reached Williamsport, Maryland, on the

banks of the Potomac. We found thousands of ambulances and wagons that had already arrived, but the Potomac was very high on account of the rains. Only one ferryboat was obtainable, and that was run by a strong wire that was stretched across the river. At last we got our ambulance on the boat and went across the river. Just as we landed Kilpatrick's men swarmed around our wagons in an attempt to burn them. They gathered up the teamsters and some of the slightly wounded and drove off with them just as our cavalry reached there.

We then went to Martinsburg, and there I separated from my companions who were going on to Staunton.

I put up at a hotel kept by George Reimer. He and his family were very kind to me, and after remaining there for two or three days we separated and I concluded I would go on down to Winchester. As I was going up the highway, I looked across from us and saw a beautiful white house standing in a grove of trees, and concluded to go over there, which I did and secured accommodations and remained for two weeks most comfortably. The owner of the residence was a Union man but he had a son in the Confederate army. I doubt if I ever fared better in my life. He had a magnificent library. His backyard was filled with fowls, fine breakfast broilers. His smoke house seemed to be loaded down with cured hams, and he had an abundance of milk and butter. His wife was a charming, old-fashioned Southern woman, and I wish now that I could remember their names but they have passed out of my mind.

I remained there as I have said about two weeks, and on learning that the army was coming along the pike, I packed up my things, and in the course of a day or two my brigade came by and I joined them. We went up the pike and camped for a few days at Bunker Hill. Then General Lee moved his army across the mountains to Culpepper Court House and encamped. The Federal cavalry made a dash across

the Rappahannock with a view of ascertaining our whereabouts, which they soon discovered and went back. Then we retired back across the Rapidan to Orange Court House, and here our brigade commander, General Wilcox, received promotion and was assigned to a different division which had formerly been commanded by General Pendor, who was killed at Gettysburg. Here we remained until about October 1st, but in the meanwhile I had received a thirty days' leave of absence and had the pleasure of visiting my home in Alabama.

I returned to Orange Court House the last days of September, and in a day or two, while Bragg's companions were besieging Chattanooga, General Lee, evidently to aid in their movements moved across the Rapidan in an attempt to bring Meade and his army to an engagement. He flanked Culpepper Court House about fifteen or twenty miles, finally reaching Warrenton, and then passed on to Bristoe Station. Here a heavy engagement was fought. Our brigade was held in reserve and did not come in contact with the enemy, but the accompaniment of the enemy's shells was severe. I believe that it was here that General Carnot Posey, the brigade commander of the Mississippi, was killed or mortally wounded. After remaining at Bristoe Station two or three days, the army retired to Culpepper Court House again, Anderson's division being the rear guard. Severe fighting was going on at the right of the Darbytown road, which was afterwards called the Darbytown races. We marched all that day and never reached the Rappahannock until that night, when we crossed it and encamped at Culpepper Court House. The enemy had moved against us and we retired to Orange Court House across the Rapidan to our old position.

Late in October, or perhaps in November, as I remember it was quite cold, Meade again crossed the Rapidan about fifteen miles south of us and we were again drawn

out to meet him. We lay opposite and skirmished for several days. At about two o'clock in the morning we were formed and moved to our right to the plank road, then down that road some distance until daylight appeared. A short time afterwards General Lee passed up the road with his staff and it was announced that the enemy had retreated across the Rapidan, and we were ordered back again. This ended our active movements for the winter, and we went into winter quarters near Orange Court House until the opening of the spring campaign in 1864.

We had that winter a time of starvation, a day's rations being a quarter of a pound of bacon and a pint of meal, which was very hard on me as I had my servant to feed out of this slim amount of rations. We ate only one meal a day, which was about eleven o'clock, and in order to protect my servant, before beginning to eat, I would separate the food and turn his over to him for safekeeping. However, Dick Robinson, who was then our commissary, then lived at Demopolis and every week I would go over to Dick's tent and chat him. He would become very uneasy at twelve o'clock and would pass in and out of the tent. I would finally say, "Dick, you might as well bring in your dinner. I am not going until you do." Dick was a good liver for that time. He had plenty of ham, now and then genuine coffee, bread and other delicacies. Where he got them I do not know, and I have often thought he did not know.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS AND SPOTTSYLVANIA C. H.

Our camp was on a high hill a mile or two south of Orange Court House and the winter was bleak and trying. Not far from us was Jeb Stuart's cavalry corps among which was Sam Sweeney, a brother of old Joe Sweeney, the inventor, with his banjo, and often we could hear Sam and his

banjo making the echoes ring around Stuart's headquarters.

About the middle of February, 1864, we were awakened one morning about two o'clock and formed into line, evidently a movement being on foot which we afterwards ascertained was to the effect that Grant had crossed two corps of his army across the Rapidan near Madison Court House, distant, from Orange Court House some twenty odd miles. We were soon on the march. In the night a heavy snow had fallen, and was about four inches deep or deeper, and the roads soon became by tramping a quagmire of ice, snow and mud. We trudged along as best we could, and soon after daylight our men began to straggle along the whole army. This straggling became so bad that General Lee sent his chief of staff, General R. H. Chilton, to move up the stragglers.

Chilton entered upon his duties with alacrity. At that time Perry's Florida brigade consisted of about three hundred men. General Albert Perrin had been assigned command of our brigade, the Alabamians. General Chilton in discharging his duties would come upon his stragglers who would report that they belonged to Perry's brigade. Finally the old gentleman became so outraged that when a crowd of stragglers said that they belonged to Perry's brigade, he said, "My God, Perry counts only three hundred, and I have counted three thousand already."

We trudged along, and a stalwart Irishman, John Cullen, was marching along with me. I saw by the twinkle in his eyes as we came upon three or four cavalymen sitting upon the bank on the right side of the road that he was up to something. As we got opposite this crowd I noticed one man who had a tremendous long nose. It must have been at least four or five inches long. Just then Cullen stepped out and said, with a bow to the cavalryman, "My dear sir, won't you please kindly turn your head to one side so the army

can pass?" The cavalryman became enraged and said he intended to whip the Irishman. We took their arms away from them and the Irishman whipped him in three rounds.

Toward sunset we were halted just opposite to where General Lee was sitting on his horse with his staff. Soon General Stuart dashed down the line and had a short talk with General Lee, the nature of which I did not hear, as it was in an undertone. General Lee announced that we would go into camp at once and make ourselves comfortable. It was soon ascertained that Grant had recalled the two corps about Madison Court House, and the next morning we went back to the old camp near Orange Court House. The men knew that the coming campaign was to be a severe one. General Grant had been created lieutenant general and given the command of all the armies of the United States. He came with all his laurels from the West, and apart from this it was known that he was a fighter. Our men were not discouraged, but were in fine spirits. Everyone knew what was coming and bore himself like a soldier.

We lay in our camp at Orange Court House until the morning of the 5th of May, 1864, when everything was packed and the men were gotten ready to move. Distant cannonading was heard in the direction of Fredericksburg and we knew that the campaign had opened. Our division, commanded by Major-General R. H. Anderson, had been left behind, more as a rear guard, and the corps of Ewell, and the two divisions of Heth and Wilcox had the day before marched down old plank road toward Fredericksburg. We took up our line of march and after dark we began to encounter the wounded and to hear of the action in front. The contest had evidently been a hot one, but we were told our forces in line had held their position, notwithstanding the assaults that had been made upon them.

We camped a mile or so from the line of battle and rested for the night. Just before day we were aroused

and formed into line and started to take our position. When nearing the line of battle, Longstreet's corps, which had come up from Gordonsville by marching, filed in the road ahead of us and we were forced to wait until this corps had passed through. Arriving at the scene of conflict we found that the Texas brigade and Longstreet's corps had filed to the right and had gone into action immediately. Here occurred with the Texans the scene of General Lee's attempt to lead them on Old Traveler, but he was prevented by the action of the Texans, who seized the bridle of the horse and begged him to go back. John G. Wheeler of Travis County, I was told afterwards, was the man who seized the horse and lost his left arm a few minutes afterwards. We filed to the left, the right of our brigade resting on the plank road, and formed into action. While the musketry was rolling on the right with the Texans, and while standing awaiting further orders, General Lee rode around and took his position on Old Traveler not more than six or eight feet from where I stood. He was evidently excited, but bore himself bravely. The divisions of Heth and Wilcox were being badly worsted in our immediate front, and troops of wounded, and some who were not wounded passed through our lines. We expected the enemy upon us at any time, but the brigade was in fine order and ready for the fray. Just at this time General Longstreet rode around and communicated with General Lee. They were discussing some movement in an undertone which I did not hear. Just at this time two men came from the front to pass through our lines. One of them evidently was wounded pretty badly and the other unhurt. They were close to me, when General Lee, looking at them, stopped at once in his talk and said to the wounded man, "My friend, I trust you are not badly hurt." The man replied, "No, General," tipping his hat with his left hand. "My right arm is broken, but I hope to be well as soon as possible and take my place in the ranks again."

The old General said, "Go back on the old plank road about a mile, and on the right side of the road you will see two tents and an ambulance. This is the quarters of my medical director, Dr. Lafayette Guild. Tell him I sent you there and I want him to dress your arm nicely." The man thanked him, and just then the old General fired up and said to the man who was not wounded, "Go back to the front." The man replied, "I am out of cartridges." The old General said, "That makes no difference, sir. A true soldier never leaves the field as long as he has his bayonet." The boys of my company began to chide him, and their language was more profane than polite. One yelled out, "Old Bob caught you, damn you." The old General raised his hand and said, "Stop, boys, maybe we will make a man of him yet." The man went back but I do not know how far.

Then we began a forward movement to meet the enemy, and after going one-fourth of a mile through the woods we came upon them. The musketry was frightful, but we lay down and began our fusillade. This continued for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, but finally the restlessness of our line forced them to rise and charge and the enemy decamped. We lost a great number of our men killed and wounded and among the wounded in our list in our brigade, Colonel Hillary Herbert of the Eighth Alabama, who was severely wounded in the left arm. No artillery could be used on account of the dense thicket in which we were fighting, and I heard only two or three cannon shots that day. The fighting was purely with the infantry, more in the nature of bush fighting than anything else. We moved forward and encountered numerous lines of the Federals that you could hardly see ten paces in front, but we continued for a mile in this dense growth and thicket, sometimes receiving fire in our rear, and were forced to turn about and fight to kill.

them out. This continued all day until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we had evidently approached very close to the strongest line of the enemy. We could not see them, but groped our way, keeping in line as well as we could, and finally were ordered to lie down and await further orders. We were to await Longstreet's attack before moving upon the enemy.

We lay there for perhaps one-half hour waiting for orders and could hear the enemy moving, and sometimes the clicking of guns, but everything was as still as death. We could have not been more than seventy-five yards from the line occupied by the Federals. All at once the order was passed quietly down the line to move back to the rear, which was done, and we resumed our position near the point where we first attacked in the morning. The failure of the assault was due to the wounding of Longstreet, and they were conducting the assault on the left flank of the enemy.

We lay quietly the next morning in line, no movement being ordered until about ten o'clock, when the enemy again assaulted us, but evidently from its feeble character it was only a reconnoissance to ascertain where we were. That night we moved further to the right about a mile and the next morning I was given one hundred men for sharpshooters to move forward and see where the enemy was, as our cavalry had gone ahead in pursuit of Sheridan who was making a raid down toward Richmond. We moved forward perhaps two miles, but encountered no enemy. Finally we came to an old field which had grown up with sassafras, and looking across the field saw a number of horses hitched to saplings, and I naturally supposed that the cavalry was lined up in front, but my orders were to find out where the enemy was, and I moved forward with my command cautiously. To my astonishment when we reached the horses we found no soldiers there. Of course my men had a gala

time with the horses. They were thoroughly equipped with saddle, bridle, etc., and each man seized him a horse and there were about a hundred of them. Of all the capering and galloping around that old field one could hardly imagine. I was sitting on a log looking on, when I saw a horse running away with a great long soldier, whose legs were dangling down, but he sat the horse splendidly. After racing around the field two or three times he reigned his horse up where I sat, and drawing his breath said, "Captain, he tried to nullify, but damn him, I hilt him to it."

We rode the horses the balance of the day, but found no enemy, and late in the afternoon we reversed our steps and found that our lines had moved considerably to the right, but we soon found our brigade. Suffice it to say, our horses were taken at once and turned over to the artillery. The next day we moved rapidly in a southern direction until we reached Spottsylvania Court House, and occupied a line considerably to the right of the court house proper, which was the extreme right of the line of defense.

About four o'clock that afternoon I was ordered to take the same sharpshooters and move rapidly to the left of the line, about where we had crossed the little river, I believe it was called the Po. After placing my men in position as skirmishers near the banks of the stream, night had come and the enemy moved down on the other side of the little river with a large force and remained there that night. After their coming, the report was made by me to that effect, and a part of our division was sent to keep, or to occupy, rather, the heights on our side. The next morning General Early was detached and sent up the river where he then crossed and moved down upon these forces of the enemy, dislodging them and driving them back on their main body, when we crossed again over the little river, and encamped on the left bank of the stream. Here we remained in line until the

morning of May 12, 1864, when occurred the battle of Spottsylvania.

The night of the 11th of May was a rainy, disagreeable one, and just about dawn a fierce cannonade occurred across the little river about a mile distant. The fire of the small arms was heard. In a moment we were placed in line of march, and in a rapid movement, I might say almost in a run, we again crossed to the south side of the little river and were upon the scene of action. The spectacle was a fierce one, and one could hear the remark through the ranks that it was Missionary Ridge repeated. It seemed that Hancock with a large force had assaulted the lines held by Major-General Edward Johnson, and with a dash had annihilated many of them, capturing most of them, and artillery and cannon were rushed to the rear. No infantry had appeared to check the stampede until we reached there, and as we formed to assist the defense, General Lee rode up. The old General was evidently much excited and had determined to lead the charge to recover his works, or lose his life in the attempt. The men resented this, and all up and down the line was heard the cry, "General Lee to the rear. Please go back, go back. We will not go ahead until you go back." The old gentleman soon retired and our line moved forward, encountering a brisk fire, but we pressed on at a rapid rate.

In this charge Brigadier-General Albert Perrin was shot and killed practically, by the severance of his femoral artery. One of his old brigade from South Carolina wrote me a year or so ago and told me that the Carolinians were always under the impression that General Perrin had been shot by one of our own men. This was a mistake, as his gallantry had led our men not only to respect him highly, but to love him. He was killed in the same manner that Brigadier-General Sanders was killed afterwards at Petersburg, and he now lies buried at the old Confederate ceme-

tery at Fredericksburg with some old friends of mine, among them, Lieutenant W. H. Richardson of my regiment.

The line moved on rapidly through the woods and became disarranged as to companies, but still pressed on. The fire was heavy, but at last we drove the enemy out of Johnson's works somewhere near the point of salient, but just how far I can not say. Here were we, huddled up in large pens, each division containing twenty or thirty men, and what occurred afterwards in the action must be confined to the pen that I occupied, as I could see neither to the right or left on account of the salients. The enemy was on all sides of us, seemingly, except the rear, and those of our men who were killed were shot in the head.

To add to our discomfort the rain was pouring down incessantly the entire day. The trenches, or pens, more properly speaking, were almost knee deep in mud and water from the accumulation of rain the night before. There was only one other officer with us in our compartment and this was Lieutenant Fonville, then adjutant of the 14th Alabama Regiment, who was afterwards killed at the mine of Petersburg, and whom I consider one of the bravest soldiers I met during the war. There was a large number of muskets playing about us, and as I was the senior officer, I assumed command and ordered these muskets taken down and reloaded. Fonville took hold of one-half of the division, and leaning them up on one side of the wall, said to me, "Now you stand here, and as you see them come I will run the bayonet through them and pitch them over to you and you catch them." There was a determination which was fully expressed and understood by all present, that no matter what took place, we would not surrender, but would fight to the last. The line was being fiercely assailed by shells, grape and cannister, and every little while came a charge of the infantry in an endeavor to retake it. I cannot undertake to say how many times the enemy charged

us, but it was going on all day. Not once did the line break anywhere, but was held firmly together until dark put a stop to the combat. Our ammunition gave out three or four times and we let several men go back for ammunition and lost them. All this time the rain was pouring down as if it were a cloudburst.

I regard this day as the most dismal one I ever passed through, and when night came on and the firing ceased, we could not sit down, but were forced to stand with the sentries who were to give us warning of further attack. This condition lasted until about two o'clock the next morning, and then a courier slipped in on foot and informed us that a new line had been formed about one-fourth of a mile in the rear of where we were, but extreme care must be exercised by the men in getting back to this new line. The night was dark, but we finally groped our way by pairs or threes until we came to the line which was already occupied by the troops. The orders came from General Lee to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and that rations would be distributed as soon as daylight came, and further, that we should have three days' rest unless emergencies of the situation made it necessary to bring us into action again.

How everyone enjoyed that rest I can never forget. The rations came in abundance and we ate and slept almost the entire time. That ended the battle of Spottsylvania as far as we were concerned, and at the end of three days we were moved to the extreme right of the lines, which positions we occupied for more than a week, but no attack was made. I cannot refrain from relating an incident that occurred while we were there. One morning General Lee, riding Old Traveler alone with no staff, came up to the battery on our left and taking out his field glasses said to the commander of the battery, "Open your guns on the enemy's position," which the commander did. The object of the General was to ascertain if the enemy was in force in front, and

as soon as our battery opened it was responded to by three times its number. The shells came thick and fast. Old Traveler, the General's horse, stood perfectly calm, while the General with the field glasses made a survey. We were waiting for the results, but our men became very apprehensive as to the General, as he was very dear to his men. One of our men finally jumped up from where he was lying almost in a frenzy and said out loud, the General undoubtedly hearing him, "Won't some one take that damn fool away from there?" The General looked at him calmly, but did not say a word, and put up his glasses. He galloped away without making any inquiries as to the soldier who made such a remark.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF PETERSBURG.

After the severe battle of Spottsylvania Court House we were again drawn into line of battle on the right of the army, and as I recollect now, the extreme right of the infantry. Here we remained for about a week without being engaged with the enemy, but its heavy masses were in front and evidently moving. Our cavalry had gone with Stuart down toward Richmond in pursuit of Sheridan and his cavalry, and it was near Richmond that Stuart was mortally wounded, dying that night. After that night it became evident that Grant was coming down toward the James River by his left flank, and we also began to move by our right flank to intercept him. We met again at Hanover Junction and were drawn into opposite lines on a river, that I believe was called the Dan. Here some extremely heavy fighting took place, but Wilcox's Alabama brigade was not seriously engaged except once.

Lying here for almost a week Grant had sent two corps south of us and two corps north of us. General Lee was ill for the time and lying in his ambulance, but he quickly appreciated the situation and fell upon Grant's two northern corps, driving it back considerably, and was about to turn to

the other two corps, when he withdrew across the river and then continued his movement along Tottopotamie Creek, a distance of a few miles from Cold Harbor, and here we again met him. Both lines began to entrench heavily and in a day or two a tremendous assault was made by the Federals to our left, but we were not actively engaged. The fierce collision on our left was a very severe one, and in a few moments about 10,000 men of Grant's army were cut down. It was reported through the press that his army refused to fight further and he was forced to abstain. I do not know whether this occurred or not, but I do know that from that time, we lay about ten days engaged in skirmishes. It was impossible to leave our works where the line of infantry was without serious danger. The Federal forces withdrew down to the James River, and we were moved down about Deep Bottom near the James, but not on its banks. We lay in camp, or I should say in bivouac, several days, and were then ordered forward across the James to Petersburg.

On leaving there about the 3rd of June, we found an engagement going actively on between the assaulting forces of the Federals and the defenses of our works around the city. This assault had been going on for twenty-four or thirty-six hours when we reached there with our division. We were ordered to the works, about a quarter of a mile to the right of the angle on the Jerusalem plank road and there stationed as our permanent station, where we remained until about September following. On June 22nd I was stationed on the skirmish line and the picket firing was very active. All at once I was notified that the movement would soon take place, and General Mahone debouched that afternoon with a division to the right upon the works and moved out, coming in contact with the enemy just in front where I was holding this skirmish line. It was a beautiful fight, but in my regiment and brigade there were some serious losses. We captured a Vermont brigade in its entirety. Capt. Walter E. Winn, the splendid adjutant-general of the brigade, was seriously wounded in the knee, and died a few days after-

wards in Petersburg. Some of our best soldiers met their death in the assault on the enemy, but we were quite successful, and the forces were withdrawn after a short engagement. That night I was forced to retire to the field hospital, owing to a deep abrasion of my knee, and the next day the division was carried further down the Weldron Road and again attacked the enemy, but nothing permanent was accomplished.

On the 28th of June, after I had regained the command, we were ordered out and marched down the railroad, taking pretty much of the night to reach there, and ascertained the movement was to head off Wilson and Cautz's raid through Virginia. We reached Reames' Station about daylight, and were resting quietly at the side of the road, when all at once the scouts of the enemy appeared. We went into line at once. After a time I was ordered into line in command of one hundred skirmishers. We went forward about a mile when I ascertained that the enemy was across the little stream and was awaiting the attack. I reported back to General Mahone the condition of affairs and was ordered to hold my position there with the skirmishers until further orders. We lay there for several hours, and I understood that the delay was caused by the failure of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's cavalry to report, they being at some distance.

After a time I received orders to go forward and then move to the left of the attacking line and go in with them. This I did, and the enemy was soon dispersed. My part of the line had gone out into the open field, and the enemy's cavalry started a charge, seemingly about a brigade of them. General Mahone was near me and I called his attention to it. He at once ordered a Pegran battery, which came rapidly and it began firing over our line as we lay down in front. A few rounds from the artillery soon put an end to the charge and soon scattered the enemy's forces. Then the enemy began moving south so as to get around to his own lines and our cavalry went in pursuit. After the action had ceased we moved back to Petersburg to our camp. I remember we had some four or five hundred negroes, men, women

and children, that the enemy had collected in Southern Virginia and we had a great deal of sport that night in putting the negro babies in the arms of the Federal prisoners.

After this no special activities were had by our brigade, except to dodge mortar shells that were flying over us constantly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

I have read with much interest the article in our January number of the *Confederate Veteran*, March, 1895, entitled, "The Crater Battle," 30th of July, 1864, and as I was a participant in said battle, I deem it due to history that some inaccuracies which have crept in unintentionally into Colonel Rogers' account should be corrected. I do this with the feeling of an old comrade of Colonel Rogers, whom I knew and highly respected in those historic days. Doubtless the long time which has intervened since the occurrence he relates, added to the fact that a regimental line officer could not know particulars relating to movements of other commands than his own, must account for the injustice he does Wilcox's old brigade from Alabama, then commanded by the brave young Saunders.

I was captain in the 11th Alabama Regiment, and at the date of this battle was serving temporarily on the staff of Brigadier-General Saunders as assistant adjutant general. I was also flag of truce officer after the battle, and with Col. Jas. F. Doran, Twenty-fourth Cavalry of New York (dismounted), who was the Federal truce officer, had charge of the burial of the dead on the morning of August 1, 1864. My opportunities for knowing the movements of the brigade were therefore excellent, and the nature of the work before us this day so strongly impressed itself upon me that I retain until this day a most vivid recollection of all incidents which came under my observation.

The regular position of the brigade at that time was a short distance west of the right angle in our defensive works near the plank road. On the morning of the explosion, about

three o'clock, the Brigadier-General was aroused by an order from Division Headquarters to get his men up and man the works. This was immediately done. As our battalion of sharpshooters (under command of Major James M. Crow of Florence, Ala.), had been relieved from skirmish duty on the night before, General Saunders became anxious as to his skirmish line, and directed me to see that Major Crow went to the front with his battalion, relieving his pickets. This was done. The General and his staff were sitting on the gallery of a little house which constituted our headquarters when the explosion occurred. Immediately a bombardment opened from the enemy along the whole front. We galloped to the front and took position in the rear of the center of the brigade near a company of Washington artillery. The bombardment was kept up for about an hour or two, when General Lee came to where we were and held a short talk with our brigade commander. About two hours after this and after the bombardment had slackened, we were ordered to quietly leave the works, retire to a ravine in the rear and form. This was done and nothing but the artillery was left in the line we abandoned. From Colonel Roger's description of the route pursued by his brigade to the scene of the explosion, we must have traveled the same route. On our way there the General and his staff having abandoned their horses, we met Colonel Weisinger of the Twelfth Virginia, wounded in the side and supported by a soldier. The Colonel, who was then in command of Mahone's brigade, told us of the charge of the Virginians which had already occurred. When we reached the scene we were met by General Mahone, accompanied by General Bushrod Johnson, and General Mahone gave directions as to how he wished the brigade formed. It was then about eleven o'clock in the morning. The rifle pits to the left of the Crater (enemy's right) were then held by the Virginia brigade; their right resting at the Crater. I was sent by General Saunders to look the ground over, and went forward to the rim of the Crater. I there met and talked with Lieut.-Col. W. H. Stewart and other acquaintances of the Virginia brigade,

including General Rogers, if my memory is correct, both of whom I knew well, having served with them upon General Court Martial the preceding winter. I found that while the Virginians had done their part thoroughly, and were then holding their position heroically, Wright's Georgia brigade had failed to carry the trenches on the right of the Crater (enemy's left), and the Crater itself was still in possession of the enemy, filled not only with negro troops, but also with a larger per cent. of white troops, as was demonstrated after the capture. I returned and reported the situation to General Saunders. I was instructed by him to pass along the line, count the men and inform them, as well as the commanders, that our attack would begin at two o'clock, upon the firing of two signal guns from the rear; that every man must be ready to go forward at the signal, slowly at first, and then at double-quick as soon as we rose the hill, that our object was to capture the rifle pits on our right as well as the Crater, and for this purpose the brigade would be compelled to right oblique after starting so as to cover the point of attack, no man was to fire a shot until after we had reached the works, and arms must be carried at a right shoulder shift. I was instructed by General Saunders to inform the men that General Lee had notified him that if it were necessary, he would lead them himself. As a matter of fact, a large portion of the army was on that day on the east side of the James River. These directions of General Saunders were communicated to every man and officer, and by actual count, the brigade had in line, 632 muskets.

At the boom of the signal guns, the Alabama brigade rose at a right shoulder shift, and moving forward in perfect alignment, slowly at first until we came in sight of the enemy and received its first fire, and then with a dash to the works. For a moment or two the enemy overshot us and did no damage, but as we reached the works, many were struck down and the gaps were apparent, but the alignment remained perfect. It was as handsome a charge as was ever made on a field, and could not have been excelled by the "Guard" at Waterloo under Ney. On reaching the works

the real fight began. Our men poured over into the works of the Crater, and the ring of the steel of the bayonets in the hand-to-hand fight began. Men were brained by guns and run through with bayonets. The brave Saunders (who sleeps in Hollywood), had a regular duel with a big buck negro, and both proved bad marksmen. Adjutant Fonville of the 14th Alabama (the bravest soldier under fire), was killed by a negro soldier. So was Lieutenant John W. Cole of the 11th Alabama, and many other brave officers and men. This melee kept up for at least fifteen minutes, the enemy fighting with desperation because they were impressed with the idea that no quarter would be given. The credit of capturing the Crater and all its contents belongs to Morgan Smith Cleveland, then adjutant of the 8th Alabama Regiment, who now fills a patriot's grave at Selma, Alabama. I am told that his grave is unmarked, if not unknown, and that he was buried by charity, and if it is so, I hang my head in humiliation. Morgan Smith was as humane and tender as he was brave. Standing in the Crater in the midst of the horrid carnage, with almost bursting heart he said to the Federal colonel standing near, "Why in the h— don't you fellows surrender?" and he put the accent on the cuss word. The Yankee replied quickly, "Why in the h— won't you let us?" A wink being as good as a nod, either to a blind horse or to a soldier, the effect was instantaneous. The enemy threw down their guns, marched out as prisoners, some being killed or wounded by their own cannon as they filed past where I stood, and the day was saved as a glorious heritage for the Southern soldier and those who come after him. I remember helping General Bartlett of Boston, who was trying to get out on two muskets inverted as crutches. I could see no evidences of physical pain and remarked to him that he must have nerves of steel, as his leg was shot away. He smiled and said that he had lost his real leg at Williamsburg two years before, and that the leg he had just lost was a cork leg.

This is a brief account of the Alabama brigade on that day, too brief and imperfect to do even partial justice to

my old comrades, most of whom have already passed over the river. It was a gallant band, and many of them sleep their last sleep in the soil of old Virginia, having given their lives in defense of the firesides. I am sure the gallant Colonel Rogers, himself a brave Virginian, would do them no injustice if he knew it, and yet this article without so intending, minimizes the services in these particulars:

1. Mahone's brigade did not take charge of the line between the Appomattox and the James a little after the battle of the Crater, but the whole of Mahone's division, including Forney's Alabama brigade (Wilcox's old brigade), Harris' Mississippi brigade, Sorrel's (Wright's) Georgia brigade, and Mahone's Virginia brigade took charge of that line in February, 1865, the Alabama brigade occupying the extreme left of the line, its left resting at the Howlett Batteries on the James River. We withdrew from this position on the night before the evacuation of Richmond.

2. The Alabama brigade came up to the mine and did the work of capturing the Crater, which was the purpose of the movement, but it was not a complete "walkover" as the Colonel terms it. It was one of the hardest fought battles of the war, and brilliant success was wrenched by valor from serious danger. Doubtless our friends, the Virginians and Georgians, peppered away at the enemy during the charge, but their fires did not keep down all heads, as our list of wounded and killed attest. Nor did they go down into the Crater as did the Alabamians. With a handful of men, more than treble its number was captured, the lines re-established and what promised at early dawn the closing victory of the war for the enemy, was turned into a disastrous defeat by a few ragged Alabamians. I once asked a prominent officer on General Grant's staff what he thought ought to have been done with Burnside for his failure at the mine. He replied without hesitation, "He ought to have been shot."

CHAPTER XIV.

OTHER INCIDENTS IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

After the engagement of the Crater and its recapture, our brigade remained there for two days and then returned to their original quarters toward the right of the line where they remained without an engagement for two weeks. Then on the 14th of August we were ordered across the James River to Deep Bottom, reaching there about the morning of the 15th, and taking position on the ridge extending about three hundred yards and connecting on the left with the Georgia brigade, then commanded by Brigadier-General Girardy. On the 16th we were violently attacked by the enemy, and in the rush, Girardy attempting to rally his Georgia brigade, was killed, and my company being next to his line, was captured by the onrush of the enemy. The balance of the brigade threw themselves back and held their position until re-enforcements came and the line was again occupied after a severe struggle.

After this engagement, about sundown in the evening I had gotten hold of a New York Herald printed the day before and was reading it between the lines, when all at once I heard a cavalcade of horsemen dashing down the little country road at the side of which I was sitting, and on looking up I saw that they were some of our people and were dashing into the enemy's line. The enemy's skirmishers were only distant about forty or fifty yards from where I sat, and rushing out I grasped the horse of the foremost horseman, but at that time it was so dark that I could not see who he was. I spoke rather peremptorily and not religiously, asking them where they were going. The leading horseman said, "Release my horse, please; I am on my way to Richmond." I said, "If you go forty or fifty yards farther you will take breakfast at Fortress Monroe," and bade them turn their horses in the other direction. I expected the Yankees to fire on us at any time, but they did not. It turned out that the party consisted of President Davis, Sec-

retary Mallory, Postmaster General Reagan and several attendants whom I do not recall.

About the 18th or 19th of August we were ordered back to our old position at Petersburg and the afternoon we reached there, we found a heavy engagement going on down on the right, the enemy moving its left flank farther and farther around us. On the morning of the 21st of August, 1864, we formed a brigade at two o'clock in the morning and began our movement down to our right to intercept the enemy's movements. I do not know the composition of the command except that Mahone's division took a leading part, and there might have been others.

Just at the break of day we reached our position and forming lines, began to move forward. We soon ran upon the enemy's skirmishers, but captured them and emerged upon an open field fully half a mile wide and encountered a storm of cannonading as we pressed forward boldly. When we reached within a hundred yards of the enemy's fortifications, General John C. Saunders, commander of the brigade and upon whose staff I was serving as assistant adjutant general, pressed forward with me at his side, when I heard a bullet hit the General. As I was quite close to him I saw him reel, and grasping him around the waist I held him up and asked him if I should go on, but he said, "No, stay with me," and immediately lapsed into unconsciousness. I got two men who were passing to assist me and we carried him out of the fire to a branch, but in a few moments he was dead. He was my friend and college mate at the University of Alabama and was a grand officer, filled with patriotic pride and a stern disciplinarian.

We remained all day in the little depression under constant fire, and at night withdrew back to Petersburg. Here we remained four more days and on the 25th of August we were ordered down to Reams' Station by a circuitous route, and reaching there about five o'clock in the afternoon found an engagement going on. We had not been assigned our position in the lines, but were standing on the side of the road about one-fourth of a mile from the fighting awaiting

orders. Colonel King of the 9th Alabama was commanding officer, and not being accustomed to battle on a horse, he insisted on my getting down. We were discussing the matter when finally I threw my right leg over the horse, but just as my foot reached the ground, a heavy piece of shell came down on my instep giving me severe pain. I had to go back to the field hospital on my horse, but by the time I reached there, which was one-half mile, the foot had so swollen that my boot had to be ripped off. This put an end to my war experience for a time.

I was sent back to Petersburg and the next morning transferred to Howard Grove hospital in Richmond, where I lay for a week or two in company with many other officers who were wounded, including the late Governor Oates of Alabama, and was then furloughed for forty days. Upon receiving the furlough I went back to my old home in Alabama on crutches and used them for more than two months. The foot has never gotten well as some bones had been fractured, and every now and then the foot gives me trouble. I remained in my home until about the 10th of November, when I started to return to Virginia. I could walk only a few miles during the day, the wounded foot giving out, but when I reached Opelika, Ala., on the Georgia border, Sherman had begun his movement across Georgia to Savannah, and finding that I could not get across, I again returned to my home, where I remained until Xmas. Then making slow progress, as the railroads were badly cut, I went back to Richmond, arriving there about the 15th of January, 1865, and rejoined my command there where we remained until the 1st of February, and were transferred from our original position to that between the Appomattox and the James River.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST PHASE.

Since my return after my wounded furlough, I had been without a command. As I stated in the previous chapter, my company had been captured at Deep Bottom and my

protracted absence on account of my wound had forced my brigade commander to make another appointment as assistant adjutant general, so when I rejoined the army, I had only two privates left me. I began at once to bring some influence to bear at Richmond in order to secure another appointment, but so far had failed. I concluded about the last days of March, 1865, to again visit Richmond and make a further effort to secure this appointment, as I had friends who had promised to actively assist me. Accordingly I applied for leave of absence to Brigadier General William H. Forney, who was an old friend of mine since my boyhood days, and he remarked to me, "Don't you know that General Lee has forbidden any leaves of absence except granted by him?" I said that I did not care anything about that, but I wanted to go up to Richmond. He finally consented, stating that he would wager he would have to send one of the staff to take me out of Castle Thunder.

I therefore left our lines and went up to Drury's Bluff, which was distant about five miles up the James River and there took the dispatch boat called the "Shrapnel," which plied every hour or so between Drury's Bluff and Richmond. On reaching the city I went up to see my old friend, Judge John A. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War. He referred me to one of the assistant adjutant generals of the department, stating that he believed the President had made my appointment as Judge Advocate of the military courts of Wheeler's corps, but upon investigation I found that the President had not appointed me, but had appointed Joseph C. Reed of Mississippi.

I lingered about Richmond all day long. The provost guard was very active and arrested every one whom they found wandering through the city. Prices were appalling. Drinks were \$25.00 each in a barroom. The hotels were charging three and four hundred dollars per day, theater tickets were commanding \$150.00 according to my recollection. The next morning about daylight I heard a cannonade down the river about where our lines were and immediately took a dispatch boat. After landing at Drury's

Bluff, I continued down the river to where my command lay. Just as I reached it I found the command in line ready for a retreat. I took my place, although I had no command and we moved out slowly, and crossed the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad at Chester. Just then heavy explosions were heard on the James River, and it was found that our forces were destroying the ironclads and other ships at Drury's Bluff. The scene was grand from where we were. As each explosion occurred it could be seen in the air apparently several hundred feet from the river.

We wandered all night, stopping frequently, but after daylight some time we reached Amelia Court House, where we stopped. I understood that we were stopping for commissary supplies, but if any came none were distributed to us. Along in the afternoon we started further down the railroad, marching as usual and stopping every half hour. Evidently the retreat was not moving properly. This went on for days and we were marching along quietly and immediately in the rear of what was called the Naval brigade. This brigade was composed of sailors of the navy at Drury's Bluff, commanded by naval officers, the brigade being nominally commanded by Admiral Raphael Semmes. Sheridan's cavalry was constantly dashing into our lines and at this time attacking the Naval brigade especially at night, and without warning. Of course this created a stampede on the part of our naval heroes, but the affair was soon over. The cavalry had retreated after the firing. This brigade was captured with Custis Lee's corps and Ewell's command, I believe, the next afternoon.

Thus affairs went on. During the day no rations were issued and it looked as if it were a time of starvation. Upon nearing the Appomattox some one told me that there were rations at Appomattox Station. I had an old worn out wagon mule, and my foot troubled me greatly. I immediately struck out for Appomattox Station to get something to eat. Several who were with me, including W. K. Hale, midshipman in the navy; Bob Saunders, a captain in the 8th Alabama, and I reached there and had secured some rations which we

loaded on our mules, when all at once a heavy force of cavalrymen of the Federals dashed in and stampeded us. They took provisions off of the train and burned it. We went back to Appomattox Court House, a distance of two or three miles. After reaching there we were ordered to leave for Lynchburg, and stopped at a little creek to eat something, which we did in true style of soldiers. We went to sleep on the banks of the little stream awaiting the morning, and about twelve o'clock that night a squad of Fitz Lee's cavalry came up and told us that General Lee's orders were for all soldiers to report at Danville, Southwest Virginia, promptly. We proceeded immediately to comply with this order. The Federals supposed that they had completely surrounded us, but some one in the darkness had failed to close up the line and we went through without stopping.

We were trudging along toward Danville the next day, taking our time and getting something to eat when we could. Along came cavalrymen and told us that Lee had surrendered. Of course we did not believe it at the time, but after a while General Mart Geary with two or three officers came along and stated that they had broken through the lines and that General Lee had in fact surrendered. We continued our journey to Danville, but I had only one companion, W. K. Hale, who lived in my home town in Alabama. Our mules had given out, and for the last ten miles we had walked, reaching there about ten o'clock at night. We crossed the Dan River on the bridge and passed through the town without stopping only at a drug store where the proprietor handed us out several plugs of fine tobacco, stating that was all he had to give us.

We continued our journey along the line of the railroad afoot to Greensboro, N. C., but there the provost officer ordered us into camp. We replied to him specifically, though not in very polite terms, that we were on our way home and proposed to go through. We went on from day to day, sleeping at night in fence corners and sometimes being kept by a hospitable family, and finally reached Chester, S. C., but were forced to go to bed and stopped at a little house on

the road, where an old lady took me in and made me as comfortable as was possible in a trundle bed. Here we stayed several days, but finally I recovered sufficiently to continue our journey. I could walk only ten or twelve miles a day as my wounded foot would give out and I would have to keep it in a branch an hour or so before going to bed in order to have it strong enough to bear me up the next day.

Suffice it to say that our journey was continued from day to day across South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and to West Alabama, the latter point being reached about the 4th of May, 1865. South Carolina presented a heart rending spectacle. As we crossed the lines traversed by Sherman's army at short intervals, four and five naked chimneys showed that there was once a hospitable home filled with good people and now gone, no one knew where. The country was desolate and it was with difficulty that we found sustenance.

Upon reaching home I found that no enemy had appeared there, and everything was moving along quietly, with plenty to eat. My cap was worn out and I was as brown as a Mexican. A kind friend gave me an old silk hat that I wore for six weeks as all the stores were closed.

So ended the Confederate States, and my experience in its armies, which I have truthfully related.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD.

The conditions of the South, and I speak more particularly of the section in which I lived, were most peculiar at this time. There was no government, State, County or Municipal, for a period of more than six weeks. No stores were open, no business was transacted. Everything was in a state of paralysis. Soon the Federal troops came in and began to occupy the different towns and cities and then began the era of cotton stealing. All during the night wagons were running through the section and levies were made by bands of marauders, generally accompanied by two or three

soldiers that they had hired for this purpose. The cotton was shipped to Mobile and sold expeditiously and the proceeds pocketed.

Amid these surroundings and conditions I began the study of law under my father, Chancellor J. B. Clark. He was very strict in his instruction. Every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon I was called upon to recite what I had read the two previous days, and my recitation had to be perfect, otherwise I had to recite the lesson again in Blackstone until I knew it. I remember on one occasion in the second book of Blackstone I was attempting to recite on some subject of real property and my father was looking real intently at the book. After I had finished my dissertation, my father said, "Yes, all you have said is very fine, but it is all directly opposite to what Mr. Blackstone says." Of course I had to recite the lesson again.

About the 1st of July, 1865, President Johnson appointed Louis E. Parsons of Talladega, Governor of Alabama. Under his reconstruction policies and action we had elections to fill the various county offices, and the boys honored me with the office of Justice of Peace, which I filled until fall, 1867, when I left the State.

In October, 1866, I obtained a license to practice law in the Circuit Court of Greene County, the presiding judge being the Honorable James Cobb, an uncle of Thomas Cobb, now of San Antonio. At that time the reconstruction policies were pending in Congress and it seemed inevitable that they would pass. I therefore began to look out for a different location. The county in which I lived had about five negroes to one white, and I knew that it would be impossible for me to remain there in case the reconstruction measures passed and these seemed certain. So early in January, 1867, I started in company with my friend, Ryland Randolph, on a visit to Texas. We landed at Galveston after rather a stormy passage on the steamer Morgan. After a day or two there we went up to Houston, then to Brenham, by stage to La Grange, Bastrop, and finally to Austin. At this

time Austin was rather a bleak town, there being only two or three brick or stone storehouses.

We remained at Austin for a few days and then went over by stage to San Antonio, where we remained about a week. Purchasing horses we went out to Boerne and Fredericksburg, and then came across the country to New Braunfels, San Marcos and back to Austin, where we remained another week. Then we started out again and went to Georgetown, Belton and then to Waco, where we remained several days; then going south we went through Marlin, Cameron and Caldwell, and then parted on the line of Washington County. Mr. Randolph went back to La Grange and I to Brenham. There I sold my horse and started back to Alabama. Reaching Galveston I took the steamer "Mata-gorda," a little wooden steamer, and went across to what was then Brashear City, then back home, reaching there about the 1st of May.

I immediately began my preparations to wind up what business I had to come back to Texas. By that time the Reconstruction Act was passed, putting the South under military government. The commanders of each military division had been appointed by the President. The negroes began to swarm to the towns and became absolutely impudent. No person was safe for a moment, although they in fact committed very few crimes. I had just finished my packing when yellow fever broke out in violent form at Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston and in the interior of Texas. This necessarily put a stop to my return to Texas, and I did not return till the following November, reaching Galveston about the 1st of December.

I hardly had an acquaintance in the State that I was aware of, but like Cortez, I had burnt my ships behind me and could not return. I came North by stage from Bryan to Waco and there remained for about a week. All officers had been removed by General Sheridan on the basis that they were impediments to reconstruction, and the candidates for the Reconstruction Convention were already in the field for election. Most, or all of the older people, especially the

older officers, were disfranchised. The State was swarming with carpet-baggers, and citizens of the State who had joined in with the carpet-bagger movement were designated as "scallawags."

The election occurred in December and the convention met in a month or two afterwards at Austin to frame the constitution. It may be said without awaiting further developments that the conservative faction was led by Governor Jack Hamilton, and the radicals by his brother, Morgan C. Hamilton. Finally in their altercations they broke up the convention. In 1869 a staff officer of General Reynolds patched up the constitution as a whole and in this form it was submitted as a whole nominally to the people for adoption, which of course followed as the Republicans had the count in the management of the election, and we lived under that constitution until April, 1876.

I went from Waco to Hillsboro and then visited Weatherford, then on the immediate frontier. It was a small place, but did active trade for a distance of about three hundred miles west. It was infested with savage Indians. Here I remained for a year, practicing law and doing fairly well, making some friends which have lasted me through life. In December, 1868, I removed to Waco, then the most flourishing town in this immediate locality. It was ahead of Dallas, and gave promises of great enlargement for the future, and Waco has been my home ever since.

In 1869, on the 30th of November, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of December, election was held for State officers under the constitution of 1869. There was only one polling place in the county, and that was the county seat. The election lasted for four days and every citizen of the county who desired to vote was required to ride to the court house and deposit his ballot. The election returns were made to a commanding general at Austin, who declared the results, and of course he declared that E. J. Davis, the Radical candidate, was elected, and he took his office the March following.

The Legislature met at that time and adopted the necessary amendments, the 14th and 15th. Then began a period of political shamelessness and political debauchery. It was said that hundreds and thousands of dollars were expended by parties securing charters, railroad subsidies and the like. The Legislature was composed of negroes and adventurers, carpet-baggers and scallawags by a large majority, although there were some true and tried men, but only a few were able to resist the temptations. One Senator whom I knew did not own ten dollars worth of property when he went into politics, returned to his home with a large amount of cash. Evidently he had filled his pockets with the money that was floating around in Austin. He made several purchases to my knowledge amounting to thirty thousand dollars immediately after his return.

Things went on in this manner until 1871 when election for Congress to fill certain vacancies in the State and County governments, at which the good people of Texas began to wake up. I had canvassed in the latter part of 1870, this Legislative district composed of McLennan, Limestone and Falls Counties, being fully aware that I could not be elected, and that if I were I would be counted out, my purpose being to arouse the people to necessity for action. I believe my canvass had some effect in this line. In 1871 there was a perfect Congressional organization. We nominated D. C. Giddings of Brenham for Congressman of this district and it looked almost hopeless, but he accepted the nomination. This district included from Washington County up the Brazos River to Johnson County in the North, and I believe Freestone in the East, and West a considerable distance, but just how far I do not remember. Colonel Giddings made an active canvass in which many of us participated, and was elected by over four thousand majority. The returns were made to the State department and the Governor and his board composed of Radicals began to throw out different votes of different counties, and finally declared Clark, the Republican candidate, elected by four thousand majority. The same course was pursued against Judge John Hancock

in the Southwest district, and in the Eastern district against W. S. Herndon. They all contested in the House of Representatives as I recall it, at Washington and Colonel Giddings was seated with only one dissenting vote and that was cast by Clark himself. Colonel Giddings took his seat in Congress and remained for several terms.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ENTRY OF RICHARD COKE INTO POLITICS.

Early in the spring of 1872 I was boarding at the same house with Judge Coke and his family. Knowing the man as I did and his somewhat remarkable capabilities, I began to solicit him to stand the ensuing year for Governor. He had been Justice of the Supreme Court, but after less than a year's service he was removed from his office as an impediment to reconstruction. Speaking of him now after he has been in his grave for nearly twenty years, I regard him as one of the strongest men Texas ever had. He was slow to act as a rule, and never moved until he was sure of his footing. His brain was massive and when he had thoroughly considered a subject he made up his mind as to what course he would pursue and immovable to argument went forward directly to the task of accomplishing the results, sturdily and bravely.

Politically he was without experience, and the life he had led made him anything else but a politician. He spoke to his friends what he thought, but a few months' experience seemed to perfect his character, and he thoroughly became an adept in the art. In our daily conversation on the subject of running for Governor, he did not encourage me, but as I could see success already mapped out by proper management, I still persisted in talking upon the subject until he became thoroughly aroused himself and finally consented that at the proper time he would make the race.

In the meantime the Democratic State Convention in the spring of 1872 was called to meet at Corsicana. When I went there with two or three other delegates, chiefly for

the purpose of seeing that his name was not used in the race for a subordinate office, or as chairman of the Executive Committee. This convention was engaged principally in the contest for Congressmen-at-large. The census having given two additional members to Texas, and the State not having been redistricted, the contest narrowed down to Governor Throckmorton of Collin, the Hon. Roger Q. Mills of Navarro County, and Judge A. H. Willie of Galveston. Willie and Mills were nominated and while the platform was being arranged by the committee especially with reference to the campaign for Greeley, the election of the chairman came up, and according to my recollection, R. M. Tevis of Galveston put in nomination Judge Coke. I gained the floor immediately, although there were many seconds to the nomination, and announced to the convention that Judge Coke could not accept the position, and by his authority I withdrew his name.

In the fall of 1872 and in the spring of 1873, I visited different portions of the State solely in his name and interest, quietly posting his friends and such new ones as I had made, of his intention to be a candidate for Governor. In due time, I believe in August, 1873, the convention met at Austin. Washington County was to hold its county convention on the Saturday previous, and I went down to Brenham to see that the Washington County delegation was all right. On Sunday night immediately after the Brenham convention I was to meet Judge Coke at Brenham, and when the train came in there was only one sleeper hooked to a mixed train, and as Coke got off at the rear, he met me and whispered that the sleeper was full of candidates for Governor, and that there was not a berth left. He offered me his, which of course I declined and took my seat in the smoking car. There I passed the night, as we did not reach Austin until after daylight. Honorable Seth Sheppard, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, got aboard at Burton and spent the night with me on the trip to Austin. The crowd had already begun to gather when we reached Austin. There was only one hotel,

the "Old Avenue," and it was soon crowded far beyond its capacity by the delegates, candidates and friends, all working diligently for their particular favorite.

The convention met Tuesday morning, and in the meanwhile a large delegation had come from Waco. The day was spent in organizing the different committees, and I was appointed on the committee on platform, of which Hon. John H. Reagan was chairman. Throckmorton had not been a candidate for two or three weeks before the convention met, when it was announced that he would run, and the fight was evidently between him and Coke, although there were other candidates, among them being Ireland, R. B. Hubbard, and several other candidates of lesser note.

The committee on platform sat all night until nearly daylight, perfecting the platform, and the convention met again on Wednesday at ten o'clock. The morning was spent in making nominations and speeches. After a while I went down to our rooms at the Avenue Hotel and found Judge Coke, J. D. Giddings and Charles Stuart of Houston in grave conference. As I walked into the room Judge Coke said, "We have been going over the field and have reached the conclusion that I am a beat man." The other two spoke up and said, "Yes, he is a beat man." I became a little stung as I could see no defeat possible. After conversing with them a little while, I said to them, "Gentlemen, you must not talk like this. There is nothing the matter with the candidacy and Coke is sure to be nominated by four o'clock this afternoon." They said this was impossible. However, I thought I knew what I was saying. At dinner I sat with R. R. Gaines, then a lawyer at Clarksville, Texas, and he was bitter against Coke. I told him he would vote for Coke before night, but he scouted the idea. After dinner the balloting began, Throckmorton having withdrawn from the race, and on the third ballot, I believe it was, Richard Coke was declared the nominee in the Democratic party of Texas. He was called upon for a speech, but having been laboring under very strong excitement for several days and in addition to that having been afflicted with a bone felon on his left thumb

which had given him trouble, he did not rise equal to the occasion, but made a sensible speech. Many of his supporters were disappointed. Immediately after his speech, by acclamation they nominated Richard B. Hubbard for Lieutenant Governor, and he responded in a stirring speech as was his wont. After the ticket was finished, which took until late at night, the convention adjourned and the nominee returned to his home at Waco and opened up his campaign early in September at a barbecue at Calvert, Robertson County. I attended a mass meeting in company with Governor Coke. That afternoon waiting for the upbound train to return home, and while sitting at the hotel opposite the depot two or three hours in company with others, I was told that the proprietor was ill and that night died with the yellow fever, which broke out so savagely that the population of Calvert was almost decimated.

Quarantine was established on all sides of Waco and we were cut off from all communication with the outside world for about four weeks, not even receiving mail. Governor Coke pursued his campaign in Northern and Eastern Texas, and late in the fall about the latter part of October I was sent as one of the committee of the citizens of Waco to interview the authorities of the H. & T. C. Railroad with a view to getting rates on cotton reduced. I believe the rate was then \$4.50. I remember going through Calvert, and two or three miles before we reached there, all the windows and doors were securely fastened and we went through at the rate of fifty miles per hour.

I met Governor Coke at Houston, and after his speech there accompanied him to Galveston, where he again spoke and then we returned to Waco. The election resulted triumphantly for him and he defeated his opponent by a 50,000 majority. The whole State was enthused by the results of the election, and every one felt that the era of Radicalism and hardships which we had endured for the last seven years was over. There were bonfires and illuminations all over the State and congratulations between the good people of the State were the order of the day. It turned out, how-

ever, as will be stated in the next chapter, that we had not yet accomplished our full purpose and that serious resistance was at hand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR COKE.

At this time, as was stated before, Governor Coke and myself were boarding at the residence of Dr. D. R. Wallace on a lot on which now stands the postoffice at Waco on the corner of Franklin and Fourth Streets. Occupying rooms opposite each other it was our wont to read the papers together and discuss the situation each night. It soon became apparent that the Republicans, under the leadership of Governor Davis, did not intend to yield to the people's verdict given at the polls. J. P. McDonald at Houston, arraigned a Mexican with the charge of illegal voting, which I believe was then a felony.

While the prosecution of this was pending, or after the decision of the Justice of the Peace against the defendant, a writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out in the Supreme Court in his behalf, and proceedings were then carried on in the last named tribunal at Austin. These proceedings are reported at length in the 39th Volume of Texas Reports. My recollection now is that the case was reported *Ex Parte Roderigueze*. Governor A. J. Hamilton represented the applicant in this controversy, and several other leading lawyers of the State represented the other side. The question was the legality of the election, and the fear was vitally entertained that the decision of the court was certain to be against the wishes of the Democratic people. The battle waxed for more than a week in the Supreme Court, and it was finally held by the court that the election was a nullity. The reader can turn to this case and find the facts and arguments fully developed by the report of the case.

We were watching the results with intense interest, and just before the case was decided, a gentleman, rather distinguished in the history of Texas, but now deceased, came to Waco to interview Coke with a proposition. There was only

one railroad to Waco. The train came in at nine o'clock at night and left early the next morning for Bremond to connect with the H. & T. C. southbound. Shortly after the arrival of the train this gentleman came and called on Coke. I was not present, but can only state what Governor Coke told me immediately after the interview, which in effect was that the gentleman was the bearer of a proposition to reappoint two judges of the Supreme Court, in which event the decision would be in favor of the election. Governor Coke replied sharply in the negative, and refused to consider such a proposition and the gentleman went back to Austin the next morning.

Intense excitement began to prevail all over the State, and about the 10th of January, 1874, Governor Coke left his home for Galveston and Houston with a view of consulting prominent friends at both points as to the proper action to be taken by him. He exacted of me a promise that I would come to Austin if he wired for me. In two or three days afterward when I was engaged in a trial in a cause in the district court, I received a telegram from Coke at Hempstead, and evidently he was on his way to Austin. It read as follows: "Hell is to pay. Come to Austin. Will be at the City Hotel." I immediately made my preparations and left for Austin the next morning at daylight. It then took twenty-four hours to reach Austin, as there was no direct communication, and one had to travel by Hempstead.

I reached Austin Saturday morning about sunrise, and went immediately to the City Hotel, nearly opposite the old Raymound House, which was then kept by L. H. Fitzhugh. Repairing to the room of Governor Coke, I found that he had not risen. He informed me that a meeting of his prominent friends would be held at the hotel at 10 o'clock that morning, which meeting I attended. Judge Thomas J. Devine of San Antonio was called upon to preside, and there were present besides Governor Coke and Lieutenant Governor Hubbard, Judge John Ireland of Seguin, Hon. A. W. Terrell of Austin, Hon. George Flournoy of Galveston, Hon. M. C. McLemore of Galveston, Col. E. J. Gurley of

Waco, Judge John H. Reagan of Palestine, Hon. J. W. Throckmorton of McKinney and others whom I do not recall.

The meeting was a protracted one, and the consultation lasted until after one o'clock, talks being made by nearly all present, but there was a wide diversity of opinion as to the proper course to be pursued. Governor Coke said but little, awaiting the views of his friends, and the meeting finally adjourned without attaining any definite results. I knew what Coke's decision or determination was before he left Waco, but of course said nothing about it. He had reached the conclusion that as the people of Texas had called him to the Governor's chair, he would not disobey their order or pander away their rights, but would be inaugurated no matter what it cost him. On Monday night there was a caucus of his friends in the old Senate chamber, and speeches were made advocating delay and temporizing in the matter of his inauguration. Who these parties were who advocated this line of policy need not be stated, as they were good men and afterwards proved true to Texas and devoted their lives to her interest.

The situation finally became acute when Governor Coke arose and made one of his most determined and fierce speeches, telling the conference that he had been elected Governor, and by the eternal Gods, he intended to become Governor in obedience to the voice of the people, no matter what it cost him or the State. This I believe was the substance of his speech, and he certainly meant stern action.

It was then determined that the inauguration would take place the next night. The next morning M. C. McLemore and D. U. Barziza went down into the state department, and by "hook or crook," secured the returns for Governor and Lieutenant Governor and they were laid upon the table of the House of Representatives. A joint meeting of the two houses was held and the count proceeded officially, lasting until late in the night, and in the meanwhile Governor Davis had stationed in the lower halls a throng of negroes, about two hundred, it was said. The Legislature proceeded with

the count notwithstanding the threat and about eleven or twelve o'clock reached the conclusion that Governor Coke and Lieutenant Governor Hubbard were elected and they were sworn into office. No collision occurred between any of the parties, but upstairs the halls were crowded with Texans who had come to see that the rights of the people should be asserted against the usurpation of the Republican party. It was with difficulty that an actual collision was avoided.

During the progress of the count a volunteer company of Austin appeared on the grounds of the Capitol under command of Lieutenant Al Roberts, and we wondered whether they would report to Governor Davis in the basement, or the Legislature upstairs. Their decision was soon known, for as they reached the broad steps they went upstairs and reported to the Legislature and were stationed on duty where they remained for several days. After the inauguration of the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, guards and sentinels were stationed everywhere and the night was spent in watchfulness on the part of both sides.

The next morning Governor Coke domiciled himself in the rooms of the Lieutenant Governor back of the old Senate chamber, as his temporary office, while Governor Davis still occupied the Governor's office in the basement guarded by his negro troops. The Senate and the House met promptly about nine o'clock in their respective chambers and Governor Coke said he would have to have a Secretary of State and asked me if I would take the office. I told him I did not want it and he might get some one else. He replied that he wanted me. I assented to this upon the ground that he would appoint some one else as permanent secretary, as I did not want the position, and my name was sent into the Senate. At the same time I received my confirmation for the position, the resignation of Judge McAdoo was brought in by some one. He called for a pen and at once accepted it, which was his first official act.

During the day excitement went on, growing perhaps a little more intense, and the company of negroes assembled

down town took as their prisoner Mayor T. B. Wheeler, afterward Lieutenant Governor. This troop came marching in the back way and gained entrance to the basement doors of Governor Davis' offices. After a little while Governor Coke prepared a demand upon Ex-Governor Davis for the delivery of the office of Governor's records, and at his request I bore the message to the ex-Governor. Going around to the east side of the Capitol I found the door securely locked and knocked. It was slightly opened by two or three negroes, and I stated to them that I had an official communication to make to Governor Davis and wished to deliver it to him. Three of them escorted me to the office, all three negroes being armed with muskets and bayonets. I found a crowd, Frank Britain, the Adjutant-General, being in full uniform, and Col. J. C. DeGress, then Superintendent of Public Instruction. I delivered my communication to the Ex-Governor, which consisted of a demand of him that he give the office up as I have stated. He read it silently and said that he would reply to it in the course of an hour. In that time his reply was handed to Governor Coke in his temporary office, in which Davis declined to yield to the demand of Governor Coke, but suggested that both sides refer the matter to Congress for settlement. Governor Coke again reiterated his demand, saying that he was Governor by the voice of the people. Things continued on in this way until the next afternoon, when M. C. McLemore of Galveston and a gentleman from La Grange, known as Col. ———, whose name I do not recall, arranged a truce subject to the approval of Governor Coke to the effect that matters remain as they were then and that neither side would attempt any aggression in the matter upon the other without due and ample notice. Governor Coke, after considerable communication with his friends, agreed to this proposition and the halls and basement of the capitol were emptied at once.

The two houses went on legislating and Governor Davis remained in his office. On Saturday night, about January 20th, a telegram was received by Governor Davis from George H. Williams, Attorney General under President

Grant, announcing that the Federal Government would have nothing to do in the matter at all, which in effect was a decision against Davis. This telegram was brought to me before it reached Davis, and it soon became known to our friends and was transmitted all over the State.

On Sunday night I was walking down the avenue and met J. G. Tracey, who asked me to step aside a moment as he wanted to talk with me a few moments, and stated that Governor Davis would retire from his office the next morning and yield the position to Governor Coke, but he wanted two or three days' occupancy of the executive mansion in order to get his furniture, belongings of his and other things removed and to put the house in order. To this I readily assented and on the following Monday morning Governor Coke and myself repaired at an early hour to the second floor of the Capitol building and waited some time for notice to be sent to us to come down and take possession of the executive office, but none came. After waiting a couple of hours I went down to the door of the executive office, but everything was locked securely. I knocked at the door and after hammering a while, John J. Stevens, Governor Davis' private secretary, unlocked the door and told me he was finishing up some official matters of business and that as soon as he was through he would send us the keys.

Dinner came and still we had no information on the subject and that continued until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Governor Coke became real angry, and grasping his tremendous stick with which he walked, he said, "We will go downstairs anyway." I knew that it would not be perfectly proper for the Governor to be engaged in an altercation and I prevailed upon him to remain upstairs, and that I with others would go downstairs and do the work, to which he consented. I found Senator J. E. Dillard from Rusk, and General J. B. Robertson, but as we started down Senator Dillard remarked that it would be best for us to have the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate accompany us, and he immediately secured that officer, who was a young man just out of college. Together we went down to the Governor's

office, the doors of which were still locked and there was a man placed there, evidently to deliver the keys. I asked him where the keys were and he replied that he had them and we choked him until he told us they were in his trouser's pocket. I thrust my hands in his pockets and got them. We opened the door and found that the middle door was locked and kicked it down. We then sent up for Governor Coke to come down and take possession, and James E. Dillard, Gen. Robertson, sergeant-at-arms and I went across the passageway to the state department. As we entered the door we found the Republican Secretary of State, J. P. Newcomb, sitting at his desk pretending to work. We all went up to him and the sergeant-at-arms in an excited manner demanded the delivery of the office, to which the secretary replied very calmly that he was the Secretary of State and this was his office. Senator Dillard remarked more emphatically than politely, something to the sergeant that frightened the secretary and he appealed to me for protection. I told him he needed no protection, all we wanted him to do was to get out of the office. He replied that he would like to go around and show me the different departments and where I would find everything, but I told him I could find everything, and I conducted him to the door.

Messrs. Dillard, Robertson and sergeant-at-arms left me in the office and went to the office of J. C. DeGress, the Superintendent of Public Instruction. I was told by DeGress the next morning that he wished to consult me professionally because he had been handled roughly, but I refused. The other elected officers took their places in the different offices from that time and the government went on under Democratic auspices.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUBSEQUENT CAREER AS A STATE OFFICIAL.

I remained Secretary of State until the arrival of A. W. DeBerry of Panola County, who had been appointed regular Secretary of State and my name was sent in for appointment as Attorney General, which was promptly confirmed.

and I entered the Attorney General's office where I remained for more than two years. The duties of that office were very onerous for a time as all the departments had just been reorganized with new heads and new clerks, besides the absolute necessity of additional legislation, corrective of what had been done before and promotive of the future.

There were upon the docket of the Supreme Court about four hundred criminal appeals, besides more than two hundred cases of civil appeal, involving interests of vital importance, among them the case of Kuechler vs. Wright, involving hundreds of thousands of locations, made under the act of 1870 or 1871, and the case of Bledsoe vs. International Railroad Co., involving millions of dollars voted as a subsidy to that railroad. These cases were argued and submitted and a decision was rendered in favor of the State in each instance. A progress was made in the submission of cases of a criminal nature to the Supreme Court, but the work was extremely onerous, as it developed upon the Attorney General and the two clerks allowed the office were not professional men.

Soon after the Legislature divided the sitting of the Supreme Court, requiring it to hold its October term at Tyler, lasting three months; its January term at Galveston, lasting a like term and at Austin, beginning April 1st. I foresaw at once that I would have to quit the office of Attorney General and follow the court as Attorney General, and spoke to several members of the Legislature stating to them the condition, and that it would be absolutely essential for them to create the office of Assistant Attorney General. One member, peculiarly smart in his own conceit, suggested to me that I had better resign, but he did not go beyond the suggestion after I replied to him. They said they could not favor such a measure and I replied to several members that it was perfectly immaterial to me as I would leave the office vacant while I was attending to greater duties at Tyler and Galveston, so on the first of October I went to Tyler and a part of the term remained there.

I went back to Austin on the first of November and was married there on the 4th of November, 1874, to Mary Pau-

line Johns. When the court met at Galveston I repaired there and remained in attendance until I received a message from Governor Coke asking me to come back to Austin. I returned and found that the Legislature of its own accord had created the office of Assistant Attorney General, and he wished to consult me as to whom he should appoint, stating that he wanted to appoint A. J. Peeler, to which I assented. He was duly appointed and confirmed the next day, and served the remainder of my official term, making a most efficient officer.

My court work as Attorney General may be found in Texas Reports from Vol. 40 to 46. I need not mention them further. The office work I had incorporated in a large bound volume but this was burned in 1879 when the old Capitol was destroyed. I remained in this office until about the 15th of April, 1876, when it was turned over to my successor, Major H. H. Boone. Then I returned home and formed a partnership with John L. Dyer, who was just entering upon his career of great usefulness. Late in August, 1876, the Governor appointed me as one of the five commissioners to revise the statute laws of Texas, and I immediately entered upon the duties as one of the commissioners. We worked together faithfully for two years, but not continuous, and at the end of two years completed our labors. The other commissioners were Charles S. West of Austin, B. H. Bassett of Brenham, Sam A. Wilson of Rusk, and J. W. Ferris of Waxahachie. In 1879 the work was submitted to the Legislature and was adopted and went into force.

Late in October, 1879, I received a telegram extending me the appointment of Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals, then called Court of Appeals, which I immediately accepted and repaired to Tyler where the court was then in session. My appointment was made to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge M. D. Ector of Marshall. The work of that court was very arduous, but I need not speak of that as my work can be found in the 7th, 8th and 9th volumes of Court of Appeals Reports. The nomination of successor came up at Dallas in the summer of 1880 and my

nomination was defeated by Judge J. M. Hurt of Sherman, and I again took up the practice of law at Waco.

My defeat was gratifying rather than otherwise, as my wife and I had been boarding, and I had promised her that even if I were nominated on the 1st of January following, I would resign and go back to the practice of law in order that we might have a home and remain there. I continued in the practice of law, making a great deal of money and spending a great deal, and enjoying my life as best I could.

CHAPTER XX.

ADMINISTRATION OF ROSS AND HOGG.

I continued in the practice of law at my home at Waco from 1880 to 1886 when the election for Governor came on, and in 1882, friends of General Ross were anxious to enter him in the race in competition with the Hon. John Ireland of Seguin, but he was averse to the proposition, deeming it not propitious for him at that time. Accordingly when the convention met at Galveston, he asked me as a special favor to go to the convention as a special delegate and not allow his name to be used as a candidate for Governor. When the nominations came in for that office, a large number of his friends determined to put him up for the Governorship. I followed them out of the hall of convention where they were holding a consultation and told them that General Ross would not entertain the proposition. They were determined, however, to use him and put him in nomination. I told them that in case they did that I would rise and withdraw his name. They demanded of me what right I had, and I told them that I had written authority from General Ross, which was the case, bearing his own sign "Manuel." They abandoned the project, and Governor Ireland was nominated without opposition.

In 1886 the opportunity seemed right and General Ross announced himself as a candidate. He had as his opponents, the then Comptroller, W. J. Swain, J. T. Brackenridge of Austin, and later on in the campaign Hon. D. C.

Giddings of Brenham. The convention met at Galveston in August, 1886, and when the nominations came in, General Ross swept the field and was nominated on the first ballot. He was a pure, lovable man, brave as a lion, but in politics quite timid. Twice during the campaign he became disheartened at the prospect and wanted to withdraw. There was nothing the matter with his candidacy and everything was progressing beautifully. Finally he came to my office and declared his abandonment of the candidacy, but I only laughed at him for his timidity. He had no campaign committee, but left everything in my personal charge. I did not even employ an extra stenographer, but found my stenographer perfectly adequate for the work I had to do. He spent no money except for his own traveling expenses and he made during his four years' term the most acceptable and model Governor. I regard him as one of my best friends and for twenty years the most perfect confidence existed between us. He had the faculty of quietly controlling his Legislature and there was never the slightest collision between them. He died in 1898, properly regretted by every man, woman and child in the State, and lies buried at Waco in Oakwood cemetery.

During the first session of the Legislature under his administration a constitutional amendment was submitted to the people to prohibit the manufacture, sale or exchange of spirituous or malt liquors within the State. At the inception of the campaign it looked as if prohibition would sweep everything before it, but those opposed to it had no organization and the little management at their disposal went to work very awkwardly. A convention was called by those opposing at Dallas early in May, 1887. I listened to the address of R. Q. Mills, which was the chief feature of the morning session, but did not attend the convention in the afternoon. Late in the afternoon a number of active politicians called upon me at the old Windsor Hotel and insisted that I should take the chairmanship of the State Executive Committee and manage the campaign. I declined on the ground that my business affairs were such that I could

not spare the time, but their insistence became almost violent, several of them saying to me that their political fortunes had been cast in the die, and that they could not afford to be beaten and I must take it. After parleying an hour or more, I consented and was nominated as chairman in the meeting that night. I returned home realizing the labor I had undertaken, but such labor even surpassed all my greatest anticipations. The contest was fearful for four months and during the whole time it consumed almost eighteen hours a day of incessant labor on my part. Every county and precinct was marked with lurid oratory pro and con.

On the 4th of August, 1887, the election was held and the proposition was defeated by about a majority of one hundred thousand, not including the votes of several counties that had not been returned. There was warm feeling throughout the State and much strong antagonism engendered, even in families, but the victory was complete and its effects lasted for more than twenty years.

James S. Hogg was elected Governor in November, 1890. He was a rugged, stalwart individual with many good attributes and some bad ones. He had the power of dominating his followers that I had never seen excelled in any public man, and his influence was dominant and controlling in every measure. His first administration evoked caustic and sometimes angry disquisitions and comments, and his utterances were not calculative to sooth the angry feelings of man. He was named for his uncle, Captain James McMath of my regiment. McMath was the same kind of a character as Hogg and somewhat torn down by age. He was one of my strongest friends in the army, although there was a great disparity of ages. He commanded Company G of the 11th Alabama regiment, and I commanded Company B. These companies joined each other in regimental formation. On the 25th of June, 1862, as we were preparing to start out in the memorable battles around Richmond, he came to me and asked me to go with him as he wanted to talk to me.

Reaching a quiet spot he drew from his pocket an acceptance of his resignation as Captain of Company G with his transportation home and asked me what he should do. I unhesitatingly replied that he should go home immediately. He remarked to me that he had promised his men to serve with them the full year which had been done and he was now, according to my recollection, fifty-six years old. I advised him to go and remarked to him that at his age he would hardly be able to stand the campaign that was to begin the next morning. After thoughtful consideration on his part, his face assumed a determination that I could not mistake and with tears in his eyes he said, "No, I will go through the campaign with the boys, and then go home." He went into the campaign and fell dead on the field of Frazier's farm, June 30, 1862. This was known to Governor Hogg and myself and after the war when Hogg was a little waif on the streets of Rusk, Texas, the widow of McMath sent him money to come to the northern edge of Tuscaloosa County, Alabama, where she resided and gave him the only education he ever had. For this reason chiefly, Hogg and I never had any personal unkindness between us.

In the year 1892, the movement was begun by those opposed to the Governor's policies to inaugurate a campaign in opposition to his re-election. The meeting was called at Dallas, I believe, in January, 1892. I attended. There were no railroad influences, no railroad men, or no railroad money. It was a meeting of the Democrats of Texas who were opposed to the policies and measures of the Governor and were influenced in no manner by any sinister purpose. It was the opinion of the meeting that I should become a candidate for Governor. I insisted that some one else should be chosen and declined to make the race until I had due time for reflection and communication with others. Letters began to pour in to me at Waco urging me to run for the office and pledging me their support. After due consideration in about two weeks I began the canvass.

In the meantime, Colonel R. Q. Mills, who had just been defeated for Speaker of the House by Mr. Crisp of Geor-

gia, came to his home in Corsicana and wired me as a special favor to come over to see him and I accordingly went over at once, reaching there about eight o'clock one evening. I spent the night with Colonel Mills at the Commercial Hotel. He was a candidate for United States Senator and said he could not be elected unless he could get some friend to make a canvass for Governor and thus greatly aid him. He urged me to make the race. I suggested several different individuals who could make the race better, stating that my affairs were not in good condition and required my personal attention for my professional duties. He was positively insistent, and finally I agreed to make the race, chiefly for his benefit.

I entered the race and opened the campaign at Weatherford, and while at Clarksville on the canvass, he was elected. The race was a fierce one and the State became thoroughly aroused. Many of the business and professional men supported me and also a number of farmers, but the majority of farmers supported Governor Hogg. Notwithstanding this, if representation had been allowed as evidenced by results of the county conventions, I would have at least had more than a third, perhaps nearly one-half of the convention, but the supporters of Governor Hogg made it a point to contest my delegation in every large county, and this silenced the delegation in the organization of the convention. I was challenged to submit my name to the primary election in McLennan County, and the pledge was given by the supporters of Governor Hogg that they would defeat me ignominiously if I consented. I did consent and the primary was held and I carried the county by over 1,200 majority. Notwithstanding this there was a vote of the Hogg men and a contesting delegation was sent up to Houston, thereby silencing my own home delegation. This happened in numerous other instances all over the State.

The convention met at Houston in 1892 and after an uproarious endeavor at formation there was a bolt of my supporters from the convention who proceeded to organize an-

other convention in a different hall in the city of Houston. I felt that this was a mistake, but I was not consulted, and I had to accept the situation as I found it. Finally both conventions made their nominations, and the issue was presented to me as to what course I ought to pursue. It was clear to me then that the true course was to acquiesce and let Governor Hogg be elected, but my friends were insistent that I had to run and my convention was unanimous in this regard. These men had stood by me for months in the canvass and I felt that I could not consistently ignore their wishes, so the race continued.

The election came on, and while I received one hundred and thirty-three thousand votes, mostly Democratic votes, Governor Hogg received a much larger one. I was defeated by about fifty thousand majority. Even the negroes who voted as a rule voted for Governor Hogg. I was told afterward that they had been promised a university at Prairie View, similar to the State University at Austin, by the whites. This ended my political career as a matter of course, but by 1894 the two factions got together again in the convention held at Dallas that year. The view of our platform, especially on the silver issue, was accepted by the whole State convention of both factions, indorsing the administration of President Cleveland, and pledging him support of the United Democracy of Texas. Since that date I took no active part in politics except in 1896. I refused with many other patriotic and sensible citizens to join in the cry of free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without regard to any other nation. Silver at this time was worth only forty-four cents on the dollar and the proposition to equalize it with gold seemed absurd to me.

This concluded our efforts in a political behalf, and since that time I have been identified with the gold standard Democrats, who in so far as Texas was concerned have been in a hopeless minority.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION, ETC.

But little remains for me to say that could be of interest to anyone. My life since that time has been uneventful, except along the line of professional engagements. I devoted all my time and energies to my professional work, working day in and day out, in court and out of court, usually in important causes, sometimes in causes of lesser importance, and have altogether led a life of industry and quietude. There is no need in my stating the causes in which I have been engaged as these are matters of court, recorded not only in McLennan, but in many other counties and will remain there for all time.

About the year 1908 my sight began to fail, owing as the oculist said, to the formation of a cataract on both eyes, and in the year 1910, my loss of sight forced me to retire from the busy affairs of life. I was persuaded by my friends to apply to a celebrated specialist in the study of the eyes, and yielding to their solicitations I did so in 1913, but with sad results. Since that time I have relied altogether on my right eye, as the left one had to be extracted.

I am living a quiet but pleasant life at the time of this writing, which is October 1, 1914. The forced abstinence from reading makes life somewhat dull, as I have been accustomed all my life to intense reading and have lived with my library in a great measure. Notwithstanding this, my days are passing pleasantly and all my labors are ended. I still feel buoyant. Doubtless I have made many mistakes in life, but in looking back over my career I cannot recall a single instance where I have knowingly injured a man, woman or child. My life on the whole has been pleasurable through all its vicissitudes, and now in the evening of my days I can sit calmly in my home and meet friends with whom I have associated for half a century with the same pleasurable emotions as I could in my younger days.

I am now in my seventy-fourth year, which is beyond the average life of a human. With pleasant surroundings I

look backwards and forward with perfect calmness, knowing that the bountiful Creator who brought me here without consultation and will take me away in the same manner will treat me with the same kindness and consideration that I have enjoyed through life.



